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MY THREE GARDENS.

I.—THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

IN my childhood I had three gardens. One of them was made in the woods, one in the river, and the third was my own special corner of the grown folks' garden, the pride of my mother's as it had been of my grandmother's heart. And I am going to describe them to you, for though not many of you will be able to have three such gardens, almost any of you may have one, and this is just the season when you will be thinking about it, and making your preparations.

One day in February, mama was sorting her seeds. She always began to look them over, and to draw the pretty mosaics of her flower-beds before the snow was gone; I suppose they seemed like promises of spring to her. I liked very much to open the neat paper bags, and see the different kinds: the Sweet-peas all ready for a start; the dull black urns in which our pied Four-o'clocks were stored away; and the shining jet beads, each holding a splendid crimson Coxcomb in its tiny shell. Most of all I liked to pour out the *Portulacca* seeds, which look so much like gunpowder, and which would soon set all our borders aflame. That day, as I sat playing with the poppy-heads, and black pods of Flowering-bean, a thought struck me, and I said eagerly, —

"Mama, cannot I have a garden of my own, next summer?"

"You could," she replied, "if you would take good care of it; but the trouble with little girls'

gardens generally is, that after the novelty of making them is over, they are left to grow up to weeds, and are any thing but pleasant to look at."

"Oh! but, mama, mine would n't be so! You know I pull weeds in your garden sometimes; and I know just how to do it all."

"I am afraid your knowledge would not take you very far. Gardening is one of the things for which one's preparation must be a good deal in advance. And if you had a garden, after the heavy work was done, I should wish you to do every thing yourself, without any direction from me."

"O mama, that is just what I want. Please mama, may I have some of these seeds, and a Snow-ball, and some rose-bushes; and cannot I have my little peach-tree in it, too?"

"You are getting on too fast," said my mother. "I have not made up my mind yet about taking the risk."

"What risk, mama?"

"The risk of having an untidy spot in our beautiful garden. I think I should run a good deal of risk."

"I don't see why, mama, for I should promise, you know, and I should have to keep my promise, whether I wanted to or not."

"Yes, but in this case you do not know exactly what you promise; and if I were to enter into an agreement with you before you understood what you were pledged to do, I should be taking advantage of you."

I did not know what to say to that, so I sat still for a while, overcome a little by the very serious aspect my garden was presenting; at last I said, demurely, —

"Do you think you will make up your mind this afternoon, mama?"

"No, my dear, I shall have to consult your father; because he is an interested party, and this would be a matter of business."

"Oh dear!" I sighed; "I wanted my garden for fun!"

"You have your sand garden behind the barn for that, where you can make your beds, and plant them fresh every day," replied my mother.

"O mama, I had that when I was a regular baby," and, hurt at my mother's suggestion, I resolved to say no more about it until my father came home. I felt sure he would help me, for he always favored every plan that kept me out-of-doors. Pretty soon he came in, and I asked him directly, —

"Papa, ain't I big enough to have a real garden?"

"What for — posies or potatoes?"

"O papa, you know I don't want to plant potatoes."

"Why not? you want to eat a great many."

"Because, papa, that is n't nice. I want a real nice garden, to be just mine, and to plant all the flowers I like."

"Don't you have all the flowers you like? The wood lot will be full of them pretty soon, I guess. And you may go up there with me tomorrow, and help me tap the maple-trees."

"Yes, papa, I should like to go to the sugar lot, but I want a garden, besides. I want John to spade a place just as he does for you and mother, and make some paths for me, and then I want to make a picture of it, and plant it myself."

"Very well; make your 'picture,' and then I will see where you can have it. But you had better make up your mind to plant it all with Sunflowers."

"Why, papa?"

"Because they can stand little girls' garden-ing better than any thing else. They grow very fast, and after you are tired of them, they will keep on growing all the same, until their heads are full of chicken-feed."

"Never mind," I said to myself; "they won't make fun of my garden when they see my fine flowers," and I set to work to make a diagram, or ground-plan, of such a garden as I thought I should like. I wanted a heart-shaped bed, and

a diamond, and a circle, and if there was room, I would like a star and a shield. Mrs. Rogers, over in Prim Hollow, had her garden laid out so, and it looked beautifully: — that is until the Loves-lies-bleeding and Mallows got big, and covered every thing up so that you could not see the shape of the beds. Somehow, I did n't want my garden to look "all sprangly," like Mrs. Rogers's. So I concluded I would have smaller plants, and put only one kind in each bed. But here a new difficulty, arose. I had many favorites, and it was difficult to decide which I wanted most. I was like Rev. John Williams, at the taking of Deerfield, — I could not make up my mind to leave a single one of them; and if I had a place for each, I could see that my garden would absorb my mother's. So I was driven to consult her again. "Mama," I said, "when you make a map of your garden, you know how big a place you have got, and what you have got to put in it?"

"Yes, dear, and I have to know a good deal besides that."

"What, mama?"

"I have to think about the habits of the plants, their size and color, their season of bloom; whether they will like the sun or the shade, whether they will be in flower this year or the next, and many other things."

"O mama, I did n't know one had to know so much; I guess that is the reason your garden looks so different from Mrs. Rogers's and Miss Pike's."

"They have very choice flowers. But they do not always put things in the right place. Perhaps you had better make a list of what you would like to raise, and then I can help you to correct it."

In the evening I had my diagram and my list completed. They looked very promising, and I went over to the table where my father sat reading, to show it to him.

"Top of the map is always north!" said he, wheeling round, so that my paper would lie true to the points of the compass. "'Violets all round.' That's for a border, I suppose. A very good beginning. 'Pinks,' for my button-hole. Good. 'Tassel flowers.' Little girls' paint brushes. 'Hollyhocks,' for the bees. 'Mignonette,' for the bees, too. 'Morning-glo-ries.' 'Pansies,' for thoughts. 'Ribbon-grass' —"

"That's for bouquets, papa. It's so pretty in bouquets!"

"I dare say. It makes me think of a garden I read of once, where —

"The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Rose from the ground with warm rain wet.
And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime."

"Oh, where *was* that, papa?"

"I will read it all to you, some time. But I am afraid you will need a little more of mother's help here. I think I should get tired of looking at your garden."

"Why, papa?"

"Because the plants would not agree with each other; they would not help each other to be beautiful. Every beautiful thing is more beautiful when it gets helped by some other. If my daughter would be the lady of the flowers, she must learn all she can of their nature and their relations, and how to keep them from quarreling, or interfering with each other."

This was so much like what my mother had said in the morning, that I sat still thinking it over, and wondering if I should ever know enough to help any thing to be beautiful. It did not seem to me that even my mother's garden was quite up to this standard, so I asked, —

"Papa, is n't mama's garden as pretty as can be?"

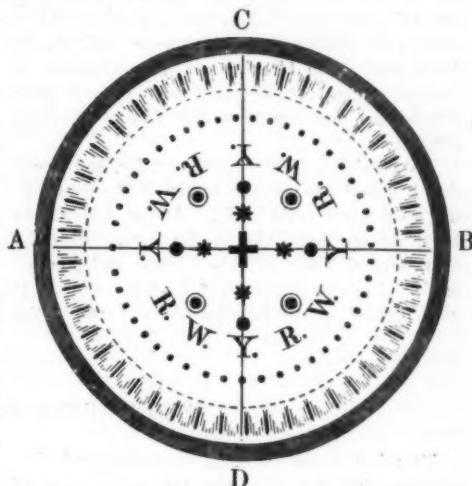
He laughed. "Yes, for her purpose. She gets the finest possible flowers, and she has plenty of them to cut and give away all summer, and she has masses of the richest color to enjoy from the windows." Then he bent down, and whispered, — "*But if she were to go down on her knees, she could not get one of my forest darlings to live in that fine garden of hers!*"

"O papa, I wish you would help me make a garden that you would think beautiful!"

"I will, some time. But that will be a great secret between you and me and the flowers. Now I will help you make one that every body will like, — mama, and Mrs. Rogers, and Granny Quinby, who almost puts our eyes out with her 'pnieys,' and 'marigools.' And you may have it on the lawn, where it will not interfere with your mother's garden."

Then he took a clean sheet of paper, and drew a circle, which he said was sixteen feet across from A to B. Right in the middle he made a cross. "That means," he said, "a big bush — the biggest we can find in the country — of Sweet-brier." Then he divided the circle into quarters by another line, C D, and made a little star not far from the centre, on each line. "The stars are White Roses," he said. (We had such beautiful White Roses in that old Vermont home, roses

that never had to be covered in winter, but hung full of scarlet hips like the Sweet-briers.) A little farther on he made a row of large dots, and every other dot had a line round it. "There's your Red Roses, and the Yellow Harrisons." (The former are represented by the large dots; the latter, by dots in circles.)



"And Scotch Roses, and the little Button Roses! O papa, is it all a rose garden? How lovely that will be!"

"Yes; here comes the Scotch. First a yellow, then a red, then a white one. And now a row, — a tiny hedge of the little Burgundys."

"But I am afraid mama cannot spare so many roots!"

"I know who can. And I know somebody who can spare a bushel or so of bulbs, — Lilies, Tulips, and Narcissi; and Hyacinths, white, and red, and blue, — real Hollanders. Here, we'll have them in here," and he made a border just below the Button Roses.*

I held my breath and looked over his shoulder to see what would come next.

"Now," he said, "for the very edge, we will have a fringe of 'Star of Bethlehem.' It comes up early, is humble and sweet as the grass, and requires little care."

"But, papa, I have n't any place to sow seeds."

"What becomes of the bulbs when the May month is over?"

* The circle of little dots is for Burgundy or "Button" Roses; the broken line circle for Lilies, — white, yellow, and red; the Hyacinths, Tulips, &c., are between this circle and the outside band of Star of Bethlehem.

"Oh, I remember; they hide in the earth again. And there will be the place! O papa, I guess you have thought of every thing."

"I have thought," he replied, "how to get the most pleasure out of a little spot of ground. First, you have a great variety of early flowers from the bulbs. Then you will get two months of Roses. Then come the Lilies; before they are all gone, your Candy-tuft and Sweet Alys-sum, your Gillias and Mignonette and Portu-lacca, are all in bloom; and if you choose to scatter some Morning-glory seed among your rose-bushes, you can have late flowers on them also."

I studied my picture garden daily, and every day I poked the ground to see if the frost was out, so that we could begin. At last John began to spade up the circle on the lawn. Then he drew several loads of chip manure and dumped on it. Papa said that was food for roses. It was highest in the middle, and all around the

edge of the circle they put fine compost mixed with black sand.

In April the bushes and bulbs were planted. We had some flowers from them the first year, and my annuals were very beautiful, but you should have seen what came of it the next year! Papa had taught me how to prune the Roses, and early in June it was one mass of flowers. From April to October there was not a day when there was not something blooming in my little garden. The Lilies were the pride of all that part of the country, and people came miles to see them, for Japan Lilies were rare in those days. My garden kept its beauty for many years, and mama said the only fault she found with it was, that it gave me so little to do to "dress it and keep it."

NOTE. Much of the preparation for such a garden as has been described in the foregoing pages should be made during the summer,—by layering roses, taking up, drying, and packing bulbs, &c. The planting can then be done in the autumn, and the following spring will find every thing ready to grow and bloom.

FROM SUPERIOR TO ST. PAUL.

THE last scene on board the steamer, before reaching Superior City, was the presentation of resolutions of thanks to the captain. Our friend from Pennsylvania met him upon the guard, and, detaining him with a wave of the hand, addressed him with that dignified elegance which marks the true orator, in these words:—"Sir, Your passengers have desired to express to you, in a form which you may preserve, the pleasure we have received from your kindness and courtesy throughout this whole voyage. We have therefore passed the resolutions which I have now the honor to present to you." A manly tear moistened the brown but modest cheek of the captain, who, springing over the upper railing to avoid the embarrassment of a formal reply, merely said, "I must go aloft." As he was disappearing from sight, our orator called out after him that no speech of acknowledgment was necessary, while those standing around were left to enjoy at their leisure the ludicrous aspects of this unique reception of a complimentary address.

We touched the wharf. There is nothing of interest to keep a traveller long in Superior. It is a decaying town, and its hopes and prospects are under a cloud. Some of its inhabitants still dream that it will spring into importance hereafter; but many others have moved away. An hour seemed ample to stroll in its almost deserted

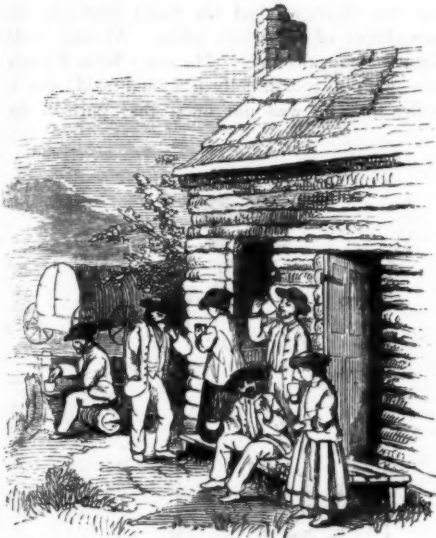
streets. The mud wagon, which was called the stage, was ready to start for St. Paul; and the question arose whether to undertake the trip, or return in the steamer. The honest agent of the stage line cautioned us that the route was rough and hard. "I should be sorry to see ladies set out upon such an expedition," said he. But the latest guide-book contained assurances that the road was in good repair, the management of the line perfect, and the journey easy to be made. And so, blind to the evidence of our eyes, and deaf to the warnings of the agent, we took our seats, and bade an affectionate farewell to our companions over summer seas. "What messages shall we take to your friends at the East?" inquired our fellow-passengers, with a mock assumption of pity, as if we were not likely soon to escape from the wilderness. "Kiss my two boys for me," said our orator's wife; and so we started upon our way.

The vehicle was not elegant to look upon, nor easy to ride in. Four hoops over the top were covered with heavy canvas, to keep off the sun and rain; but the sides were tattered, and the whole was dirty. There were no backs to the seats, nor places to rest our heads; and the thin hard cushions of hay had become polished down to a high degree of smoothness. Yet we started with buoyant spirits, high hopes, and many a

merry jest. We were encouraged by a recent traveller over the route, who said that whatever other inconveniences we might meet with, at least "the grub was good." Accordingly, we looked forward to fresh eggs, and sweet bread and milk, served in neat log-houses, by some fair flower of the wilderness, with clean hands and tidy dress; and we anticipated with fond longings these plain delicious meals, such as the pampered appetites of the rich and the proud are strangers to. This dear delusion was dispelled at the first stopping-place. Our frugal repast, which we partook of

hour, and sometimes not so much. We were attended by a constant cloud of mosquitoes, which, in spite of mosquito-bars over our heads, and all precautions which we could use to keep them off, would reach our ankles, wrists, necks, and faces. (The "mosquito-bar" is like a veil, and made to fall from the hat all around the head and neck.) The mosquitoes of this region deserve very special mention, for of all the annoyances to which the traveller is subjected, they are the worst. Though not larger than common mosquitoes, they are not only more numerous, but far more intelligent, virulent, and venomous. They never tire. One of our drivers told us that all other insects sometimes sleep, but mosquitoes never sleep. It has been said that they will bite through a heavy buckskin glove. They certainly will seek out the seams upon the backs of such gloves, through which they bite without difficulty.

Darkness overtook us while on our way, and then our serious troubles began. We were soon set in a mud-hole, and had to alight. Escaping from this, we afterwards got stuck so fast that our poor horses were unable to start even the empty wagon. We pushed and pulled, hallooed and whipped, to no purpose. One horse fell down. There was mud before, behind, and on



in the open air, was not equal to the recommendation of the traveller, nor yet to our own more modest expectations. Still we lost not hope, but pressed cheerily on, through the unbroken forest, passing no house till we reached the next station, a distance of about fifteen miles. Here a young woman twenty-five years old, weighing nearly four hundred pounds, prepared our supper. We listened to the account of her intention to make a show of herself, wondered what sort of an appearance she would present in Mrs. Jarley's collection of wax figures, and ate her food with such appetites as we could command.

Several difficulties prevented our progress from being either rapid or agreeable. The wagon has been described already. After the first few miles we had but two horses. The road was full of rocks and holes, and had been made muddy by recent rains. We could go but three miles an



both sides. The forest seemed interminable. Bears and lynxes made the road dangerous for a solitary traveller. Mosquitoes settled upon us in immense swarms. We had no means of making a fire. The driver could not tell where we were, or how far from the next station. What was to be done? Some of us were anxious and dismayed, but nothing could repress Fannie's spirits, and she asked in an arch tone, as she was carried over a mud-puddle, — "Are you not glad you came?" It turned out that we

were about three miles from the station. Two of us walked there for help and fresh horses; but our poor old horses at last recovered their strength enough to pull out the wagon, and so came up just in time to save sending back for them. As we walked along, our plight was no better than the Irishman's, who, having agreed to work his passage on a canal-boat, was made to drive the horse on the tow-path. "Bedad," said he, "but for the name of the thing I might as well go a-foot."

Fresh troubles arose. We were too tired to go further that night. But the new driver, a stupid foreigner, insisted that the mail, which was already late, must be carried forward at once. "I shall pay fine of fifty dollar if I wait," said he. This obstinate man gave no heed to us when we told him that ladies, after walking in the mud so far as our ladies had been obliged to do, with wet feet, must have rest. And so, after coaxing and threatening, we finally bribed him to wait until daylight. It was necessary either to bribe him or whip him: and we bribed him. This mail, which seemed so important to him, contained, as we afterwards found, only about a dozen letters and half as many newspapers.

Where should we sleep? There were two houses, situated by a beautiful clear lake. One house was old and filthy: the other, though new, was but little cleaner. Both were filled with smoke, to keep out the mosquitoes. It was only a choice between two very poor places. The ladies went to the new house. The other proved to be the regular stage house, but was so repulsive, that to sleep there seemed impossible. It contained, however, one luxury, — some ice-water. We sought to take some to our ladies: but the hostess utterly refused to allow a cupful to be carried from her house. No appeal to her sympathy, no promise of payment, would avail; and so it had to be taken against her consent. Poor woman! I never had seen such utter unkindness, such a want of common human sympathy, as she displayed. The secret was, that she felt hurt because the ladies had gone to the other house. Under other circumstances, she might have been civil, kind, and perhaps even generous.

What a night was that! The Frenchwoman, at the new house, who had already gone to bed, got up and worked till morning in preparing our breakfast, which, after all, we could scarcely taste. But surely she had done what she could. We therefore paid a sum which was said to be too much, and begged them in the future to do what they could for other travellers who might

be cast away, as we were, upon that desolate road.

We journeyed forth through the early morning hours in doubt and sorrow. But jolting proved an effectual remedy for headaches, the wagon contrived to hold together, and the horses managed with difficulty to go two miles and a half an hour. At the ferry over Kettle River we submitted without a murmur to the petty swindle of an exaction of toll from each of us. One of the drivers had warned us that the keeper of the station at this place was "just a hog;" and we were glad to get out of his hands. Passing this river, we had the worst road and the best driver of the whole route. Nothing could disturb his good humor. He was a little Frenchman, with a round, jolly face, and said with a smile, that he was put upon that part of the



route to keep the passengers pleasant. "They sometimes scolds at me," he said, "but it's no use. I am not to blame, and they can't make me cross."

"But your horses are not good," said we.

"No. They sends me the worst horses they've got, for me to kill them on this road. They sends them to me, and I kills them."

We offered to walk at some places where the road seemed dry enough. "I likes better to have my passengers ride," he answered. "You pays to ride, and ought to get your money's worth. They sends me these old horses to kill,

and if you wants to drive faster, I drives faster. I drives just as my passengers wants."

"This is certainly rather a hash road," said our Colonel from Iowa. The Colonel had served in the war of the rebellion, and was used to rough roads.

"Yes," said Fannie, gayly, "and if it lasts much longer, it will make mincemeat of us."

Now Fannie was our orator's daughter. She was also just fifteen. Besides this, she was our pet. Therefore, her opinions received great consideration from all of us. Accordingly, we told the driver that he need not drive any faster, for it would make mincemeat of us if he did.

It was lucky he did not attempt it; for at this point one of the horses fell down. Our imperturbable driver spoke no word, and showed no sign of impatience, but quietly got off, unhitched the traces, just as if this was an incident quite in the common course, and standing over shoes in the mud, tried to pull him up.

"Oh, don't whip him!" exclaimed Fannie.

"I speaks to him first, and then if he does n't get up, I licks him," said the Frenchman, pleasantly; and then he gently whipped him up. All this was done with such good nature, that one of us, standing by on a log, laughing, asked him if he never got out of humor. "I never was sick a day in my life," said he. "But do you never get cross?"—"No, it's no use," he replied. "I drove a pair of cattle five hundred miles through the woods, and never was cross once." And we believed him. Such a driver as this wastes his time and talents up in that wilderness. He should go out upon the Western plains, where, even among Ben Holladay's famous drivers, he would be sure to take high rank.

At last, in the afternoon of the second day, we reached a little house, where we were glad enough to find a woman with a kind heart, good manners, and some knowledge of cookery. The roads, to be sure, were still rough, the mosquitoes thick, and the horses poor. At night we came to the little village of Chengwatana, seventy-seven miles from St. Paul, where a few hours' sleep, and good food, gave strength and courage to start at half-past three in the morning on our last day's journey. At the town of Sunrise, on the St. Croix River, the drunken landlord of the hotel had an amusing altercation with the driver, for the custody of our single trunk, during the time of changing wagons. The landlord thought himself responsible for the safety of the luggage, and insisted on taking forcible possession of it. This controversy over, we proceeded on our way in a

somewhat better wagon, but still with horses scarcely able to go. The forests had given place to oak openings, and the mosquitoes had nearly disappeared. With better horses and a better coach, this part of the route would be really pleasant.



Sixteen miles from St. Paul we took our last driver, who was vexed because we were several hours behind time, and fretted at every thing. As his horses were led out, our orator remarked, by way of encouragement, "Your team is much better than those above here."

"No it is n't," answered the driver; "they have just as good teams above, and might have got the stage here earlier."

"Well, I am not much of a judge of horses but can measure a man pretty well, and have taken your gauge exactly."

The driver moved off sulkily. "What are you going to do about it, any way?" asked our clerical companion from Michigan. He also had served in the war, and knew how to put sharp practical questions.

We reached St. Paul just after midnight, having travelled for twenty-one hours continuously, with less fatigue and discomfort than on either of the preceding days. We had passed over the longest and worst stage route east of the Mississippi. The combination of inconveniences was really something extraordinary. No one would think a journey of only one hundred and sixty-three miles could be so hard. But this is, probably, the worst-managed route in the country. Two of us had been for several years in the army. Another had travelled by stage two thousand miles across the Continent. We were

not fastidious, expecting unreasonable things. But we all agreed that this experience was fairly entitled to rank among the severest hardships we had ever encountered. Riding for five consecutive days and nights across the plains of Nebraska and Colorado, in one of the tolerably comfortable overland coaches, was as a joke in comparison. To one gentleman, whose business compelled him to undertake the same trip, our friend from Pennsylvania remarked, "Before you reach Superior, you will wish you were dead, and had got the money for your clothes." Yet Fannie and her mother, by their constant cheerfulness and good humor, kept up the spirits of us all.

While in St. Paul, we had a curiosity to learn if the agent there would recommend the route. Two of us accordingly called upon him for this purpose, and the following conversation was had:—

"Are you the agent of the stage line to Superior?"

"Yes."

"How is the road?"

"Very good."

"Do many passengers travel over it?"

"Yes. Four went this morning. Six came in last evening."

"Is it passable for ladies?"

"Oh yes. Two came last evening."

"What sort of a carriage is used?"

"A nice covered hack, right through."

"How about mosquitoes?"

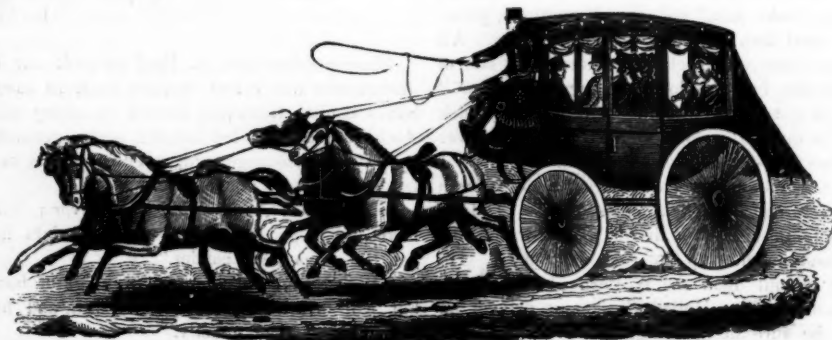
"Well, it is not necessary to put a copper kettle on your head; but I would advise taking a mosquito-bar."

"What is the food?"

"Good; venison, fish, and wild game. It is better living at some of the stations than at the hotels in St. Paul."

"How many horses are driven?"

"A hack with two horses to Chengwatana, and then from there to Superior a coach and four horses."



"What sort of a coach?"

"One like that there," pointing to a placard advertisement, with a picture of a Concord thoroughbred coach, and four galloping horses, and a long line of dust behind.

"Why do you make this change at Chengwatana?"

"Because the road is better up there."

"The road is better, then, on the upper part of the route?"

"Yes."

"Is any part of the road bad?"

"About ten miles is rather hard. The rest is good."

"Is the stage driven at night?"

"Oh no. You will stop at about six, and start at six in the morning."

"But if there should be a delay somewhere, would you not be obliged to drive in the night, to get the mail along?"

"No indeed. We have three days for that, which is a plenty of time."

"But might not some driver think he ought to go right on, and so make it hard for ladies?"

"Such a thing could not happen. If we should hear of such a thing, we should discharge the driver on the spot."

"Then there is nothing to prevent ladies from going over the road with comfort?"

"Oh no."

This conversation, upon being reported, gave great amusement to our fellow-passengers, and to others in St. Paul; and the Colonel could not resist the temptation to call upon the agent and in-

quire for himself. The agent assured him that only six miles of the whole road were rough, while a part was macadamized; and upon being asked what was the chance of securing seats for the next trip, said that two persons had been making inquiries, and would probably take passage, with a lady. The same afternoon, the minister also called, and received similar misinformation.

We did not inform the agent that we had just come over his route. The joke was too good, and the fun too delicate, to be marred in that

manner. But we returned east by another way. Indeed, we heard of no stranger who ever voluntarily went over that road twice. When good surgeons are in attendance at each station, that will help matters somewhat. For ourselves, we got well in a few days from our bruises and abrasions, and counted ourselves fortunate in escaping thus; and, for the sake of the personal safety of our friend, the agent at St. Paul, we hope he may never meet any body whom he has beguiled into taking the trip from St. Paul to Superior

AMANDA'S PARTY.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

GRANDMA and mama were in the sitting-room by the window, sewing. A light snow which had fallen the night before, covered the ground, but the morning sun shining brightly down, was doing its best to make way with it. Around the old well, the green heads of the daffodils were peeping out, and that very day a bluebird had fixed upon the best spot for a nest in the Harvest apple-tree. Spring was coming, — a New England spring, which nobody would know much about, till summer months had filled its place, so slowly came green leaves and springing grass; and yet mama thought, as she looked from the window down to the mill-brook, where the willows grew, how much more beautiful it seemed than a country where trees and grass are always green, and the eye tires of the never-changing color.

Ainslee, standing on the school-house steps pulling on his mittens, hardly knew one season from another. Spring for him, meant willow whistles, kite-flying, and new maple-sugar, three things of which he had known almost nothing till this year; and as he stood there waiting for Tommy and Amanda, who were whispering behind the stove, all he thought was, whether the old knife Uncle Ainslee had given him would cut a good whistle, or if mama must be asked for a new one.

"Wait," Tommy called to two or three of the children who had started off, and Amanda came from behind the stove, looking quite important.

"What you doing?" said Ainslee, walking into the school-room. "Why don't you come?"

Sinny's woolly head looked in over Ainslee's

shoulder, and Billy Howard, whose mother was the village milliner, drew back a little, in order not to be too near him.

"Mardy's five years old Friday," said Tommy, looking about him, "and mother says she can have a party, an' we want you all to come."

"Hi!" said Sinny, whirling around on one heel. "Won't it be fun?"

"I ain't a-coming if he does," said Billy Howard. "Not a step."

"Oh, he is n't coming," said Tommy. "Mother said he was n't to come."

Sinny's face fell, and he walked out toward the entry, but stopped as Ainslee said, —

"Then I won't come if he don't."

"Oh yes, you will," said Amanda. "I want you more'n any body 'most."

"Then Sinny's to come too," Ainslee answered. "Sinny and Tommy is the best boys to play with there is in school."

"We don't go with niggers," said Billy Howard. "And my mother says your mother's a very queer woman to let you be with Sinny Smith all the time; and she guesses you ain't much when you're in New York, or you would n't do it."

"You get your mother to let Sinny come, Amanda," said Ainslee, paying no attention to Billy. "Don't you want him to?"

"No, I don't," said Amanda. "He ain't any thing but a little nigger any way. Mother says you're Bobolitioners, and that's the reason you go with 'em all the time."

"I ain't a Bobolitioner," said Ainslee. "Sinny is as good as you are."

"Oh, ain't you 'shamed!" said Amanda. "I won't speak to you again ever. You need n't come to the party if you don't want to. I don't care."

"Oh, come now!" said Tommy. "Don't you be hateful, Ainslee. All the rest are coming. 'Mandy don't mean any thing. Sinny's good to play with here, but he ain't fit to come to a party."

Sinny took out a grimy little pocket-handkerchief, which had the Ten Commandments printed on it, and sitting down on his bench, began to cry.

"Don't you cry, Sinny," said Ainslee, turning from Amanda. "I like you better than any body; let's go home."

Amanda made a face at him, and said, "Who cares?" and Sampson, who had been listening attentively, made ready to turn a somerset, but reflecting that Amanda might not invite him if he did, stopped just in time. Ainslee walked home with a very heavy heart. To quarrel with Amanda was something he had never expected; he scarcely spoke to Sinny, who, in his turn, was very melancholy, and went in at once to his mother, when they came to old Peter Smith's. Ainslee walked on slowly, swinging his dinner-bag, till he reached the backdoor. Ann heard his step, and looked out from the buttery window.

"Come in here," said she. "I've got something for you."

Ainslee ran in to meet Ann, who held in her hand a pie, baked in a small saucer.

"Mince!" she said. "What do you think o' that, Ainslee?"

"Nice," said Ainslee, who had been begging for one for some time. "But I guess I'll save it, Ann," and he went toward the stairs leading to mama's room.

"Your ma ain't there," called Ann. "She's in the kitchen."

"Yes," said mama's voice, "and I'd like you to do something for me too."

"Oh, what smells so good?" said Ainslee, running into the kitchen. "What is you making, mama?"

"Caramels," mama answered. "And now I wish you would ask Ann for a little tin pan, and go out and fill it with the cleanest snow you can find."

"It's beautiful all over the choppin'-log," said Ainslee. "I could fill lots o' tin pans."

"One will do," said mama, "and the sooner it is here the better, for this syrup has boiled quite long enough, I think."

Ainslee ran out to the old log, and was back in a minute with a panful.

"You're going to do it like *mélasses* candy, ain't you, mania?" he said. "You want me to try it, don't you?"

"Oh yes!" said mama, smiling a little, and pouring a spoonful over the snow. "How could I know if it were good, unless you tried it?"

Ainslee watched the hot syrup sinking and spreading in the snow, till the edges curled up, and it lay there, a crisp, delightful mouthful.

"You half, an' me half, mama," he said, "so't we can both tell the very same minute," and he put his half into his mouth just as mama put hers.

"*Mélasses* candy is good," he said; "but *cal-amels* is ever so much better. What made you make 'em, mama?"

"I heard this morning that something was to happen Friday," said mama, "and I thought you would like to carry Amanda some very nice candy. Now I am going to pour it all into this great buttered pan; we'll set it in the well-house, and in a few minutes you shall see something else."

Ainslee watched mama till the hot candy had cooled enough to be cut into little squares, and was put safely away in the store-room.

"It's good," he said then; "but you an' grandma can eat it all up. I expose I ain't going to take any to Amanda."

"Why not?" said mama, astonished; and then seeing from Ainslee's grave face that there was some trouble, added, "Come up-stairs, dear, and we will talk about it, while I am getting all this stickiness off my hands."

"I ain't a-going to Amanda's party unless Sinny does," said Ainslee, as they reached her room. "She says Sinny's nothing but a little nigger, and ain't fit to come to parties, and I think he's just as nice a boy as Tommy Martin. Billy Howard said I was a Bobolitioner, an' you too. He's most as hateful a boy as Samp Simmons, and I expose I sha'n't like Amanda any more ever," and here Ainslee broke down, and began to cry.

"I don't think Sinny would like to go to the party," said mama, sitting down in her low rocking-chair, and drawing Ainslee to her.

"Oh, but yes he would, mama," said Ainslee; "an' he cried when Amanda said he was n't fit to come to parties. He shall come to all mine, any way."

"I don't know whether it would be best or

not," said mama, after a few moments' silence. "I rather think not."

"Why, mama," said Ainslee, indignantly, "I thought you liked Sinny. I did n't know you was going to be mean too."

"Hush, dear," said mama, gently. "By and by, perhaps not till you are old enough to have children of your own, I hope the time will have come, when no one will stop to think whether people are black or white, so long as they do right; but now almost every one dislikes to have much to do with negroes, except as servants. Sinny is quite as bright a boy as Tommy Martin, and Tommy would be glad enough to have him at the party, if his father and mother had not taught him that he must not be too much with 'niggers.' All the children feel so, because they have always heard it at home; and even if Sinny went, he would not have a good time. They would either refuse to play with him, or say such unkind things, that Sinny would feel much worse than if he had stayed at home. You don't want that he should have to cry again, do you?"

"No, mama," said Ainslee; "but when they all play with him at school, I don't see why they should n't at the party."

"It is n't easy to understand," said mama. "One thing is, that people as poor as most negroes are, cannot send their children to school very much, and so they know less than white children, and often get into wicked ways, which fathers and mothers do not want their little boys and girls to learn. A good many of them, I dare say, think Sinny is just like a great many colored children, dirty, and full of naughty ways, when really he is a nice little boy. If all colored children were brought up as he is, people would soon forget the difference between black and white."

"Well," said Ainslee, "it's a mean shame any way. He's as clean as any of 'em, only clean don't show on him. Can't I give him some calamels, mama?"

"Yes," said mama. "I'll give you a few to take to school to-morrow, and you can share with him if you like. Now we will go down and see grandma."

"Amanda don't know any better, does she, mama?" said Ainslee, stopping on the way down-stairs.

"She does just what her father and mother have taught her, I suppose," mama answered.

"Then I can make up with her if I'm a mind to, can't I? and I'll tell Sinny he would n't

have a good time if he did go to the party, 'cause nobody knows enough to let him."

"Very well," said mama, smiling, and Ainslee, whose appetite had all come back, went to Ann for his mince-pie.

Sinny stood at the gate next morning, waiting for him, and the two children walked on together.

"I don't care much if I don't go to the party," said Sinny, after a time. "I told gran'ther, an' he said I need n't care a speck; and when he went down to the Falls, he'd buy me a first-rate little wagon, to haul stones or any thing in: big enough to haul you in if I was a mind to."

"You draw me, an' then I'll draw you," said Ainslee, delighted. "I've got something in my basket for you: calamels!"

"What's them?" said Sinny.

"Eat one an' see," said Ainslee, handing him one. "My mama made 'em; ain't they good?"

"Bully!" said Sinny. "How many you goin' to give me?"

"Three more," said Ainslee. "Four a-piece, mama gived me. I'm going to eat one now, so 's to be even with you, an' let's save the rest for recess."

"Well," said Sinny, and just then they came up to Tommy and Amanda, walking with Billy Howard and Sampson Simmons.

"Don't you tell Amanda I gived you any calamels," whispered Ainslee to Sinny, wishing to surprise her when to-morrow came.

"Don't tell Amanda what?" said Sampson, who had heard the whisper. "Ainslee's got a secret from you, 'Mandy. He tells Sinny things, an' he won't tell you."

"I'm going to tell her to-morrow," said Ainslee, looking indignantly at Sampson.

"I don't want to know," said Amanda; "he need n't tell me any thing. I don't like him. What you eatin', Sinny?"

"Nothin'," said Sinny.

"You be, too," said Sampson, trying to snatch the caramel Sinny had in his hand. "What's that? It's molasses candy, I bet."

"T ain't no such a thing," said Sinny. "It's New York candy, and there don't any body have 'em but Ainslee Barton. You can't get one of 'em."

"I should think you might give some to 'Mandy," said Tommy.

"Well, I will," said Ainslee. "I mean I'd just as soon, only I don't want to now."

"I would n't take 'em, any way," said Billy Howard. "He gives 'em to Sinny, an' don't give none to you. He's mean as dirt."

"So he is," said Amanda. "I don't want any o' your old candy. I wish I had n't asked you to my party."

"I don't much want to come now, any way," Ainslee began, with tears in his eyes.

"Oh, bother!" said Tommy. "What's the use o' fighting every minute? Look a here, Ainslee, ain't that a nice whistle?" and Tommy blew a soft, clear note, almost like a flute.

"I know how to make one," said Ainslee, half forgetting Amanda. "Joe Culligan showed me how, only my knife won't cut sharp. I wish I had a new one. I'm tired of this old thing."

Ding dong went the school-bell, and the children hurried on to the school-room. Sampson took the end of the bench next to Amanda, and Ainslee let him. Amanda was "put out" still, and till she made up, he might as well be in the middle as anywhere. So he went to work at his spelling lesson, and Amanda, who felt half sorry now for what she had said, and who meant to smile when he looked up, grew first tired, and then cross again, at having to wait so long, and finally turned her attention to Sampson.

"I'll play I like Sampson best," she said to herself, "and then maybe Ainslee'll be sorry he did n't give me candy instead o' Sinny."

So she picked up a splinter from the floor, and wrapping it in a bit of paper she tore from her reader, threw it at Sampson the first time Ainslee looked toward her. Sampson put it in his pocket as though it were something very choice indeed, and nodded to Amanda, who smiled, and nodded back again, and Ainslee felt very miserable, — so miserable, that he missed two words of his spelling, and forgot his table, and when recess time came, was kept in; and instead of making up at once with Amanda as he had intended, could n't even speak to her, but saw her walk out with Sampson, who made faces at him through the window, till Miss Barrett rapped on it, and sent him away.

After recess it was just as bad. Sampson was delighted at the turn things seemed to have taken, and believing the best way to keep in favor was to abuse Ainslee, crowded against him, and knocked his books to the floor, and finally sat very still a few moments, contriving something which should not be seen by Miss Barrett so easily as his other ways of plaguing. The result was, that Ainslee, bending over his reader, was startled by a sharp prick, which certainly came from Sampson's side. He looked up. Both Sampson's hands were holding his spelling-book, and could not have done it.

"I expose there's a pin in my sleeve," said he to himself, turning away, and feeling up his arm. "No there is n't. What did prick me so? Ouch!" he cried, jumping up suddenly, for there it came again.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Miss Barrett, severely.

"Something pricked me dreadful," said Ainslee. "It was Sampson, I do believe."

"There ain't a single pin anywheres in my hand," said Sampson. "I've been studying my spelling lesson every minute."

"See that you don't do it again, if it was you," said Miss Barrett.

"Maybe he pricked himself, an' then said it was me," said Sampson.

"Oh, ain't you a horrid!" — began Ainslee, but Miss Barrett stopped him.

"Not a word more. If you do such a thing as that, Ainslee Barton, I shall have to ruler you on both hands. Now study your lesson."

Ainslee turned to his book, feeling as if every thing were against him, and studied a few minutes till a still sharper prick made him quite desperate.

"I won't sit still and be pricked every minute!" he shouted. "Ho! look a-there now! He's got it in his sleeve, Miss Barrett, sticking right out at his elbow."

"Come up here, both of you, this minute," said Miss Barrett. "So that's the way you do, is it, Sampson Simmons?" and she drew out a pin which Sampson had bent in his elbow in such a way that, with a very slight motion, he could stick it into Ainslee, and which he had tried in vain to pull out before Miss Barrett should see it. "Ainslee Barton, you go stand in the entry for making such a noise; and Sampson, you hold out your hand."

Sampson went back to his seat in a few moments with his arm over his eyes, and was too busy with crying for some time, to pay any attention to Amanda. At noon Ainslee ran home fast as he could go, not waiting to eat his lunch with the others as usual, and stamped into the kitchen with such a red face, that Ann looked at him astonished.

"What now, Ainslee?" said mama, as he sat down in his small chair, and threw his books on grandma's lounge.

"I hate Sampson, and I don't love Amanda one speck," poor Ainslee began. "Amanda won't play with me, or speak to me, and she was n't sorry when Sampson stuck pins in me, an' I had to stand in the entry. I'd cry, if I was n't so mad with her."

Pretty soon mama knew the whole story, and Ainslee felt very much better when it was told.

"Every thing will come right to-morrow," she said. "Amanda will like the caramels very much, and I don't think she is really angry, either. You will make up at the party I am quite sure."

"Any way, I wish Samp was n't going to be there," said Ainslee. "I never did know such an ugly boy."

"Treat him as well as you can," said mama, "and perhaps he will be better by and by," and Ainslee went down to the kitchen for some hot gingerbread, feeling much more hopeful.

Amanda was not at school the next morning, and as Sampson was sulking, and said nothing, Ainslee had a very comfortable time, and went home at noon in high spirits. Nurse had laid his gray suit on the bed in mama's room, and he wanted to be dressed at once.

"You 'll get into the pig-pen the minute you are," said nurse. "I sha'n't put on your best clothes till your ma says so."

Ainslee ran to ask her, and found her in grand-mama's room, busy looking over the drawers of an old bureau.

"Oh, what's in 'em?" said he. "Let me look too, mama."

"Nothing you will care to see," said mama. "If you were a little girl, you would beg for those pieces of ribbon and lace; as it is, I don't see any thing here but this pipe, which can do you any good."

"A pipe can't. I don't want a pipe," said Ainslee. "Oh, I do too! I know what you mean! I can blow bubbles. May n't I blow 'em where baby can see?"

"Yes," said mama. "Ask Ann to make you some strong soap suds, and be careful not to spill any as you go up-stairs."

Here was work for an afternoon, and Ainslee carried his pipe and suds up to the nursery, and put them in the wide window-seat, where the sun shone in on each bubble he blew. Some he dropped on the board in front of baby's chair, who clutched them, and then looked at his fat fingers, wondering why there was nothing in them. Nurse showed him how to drop one small one after another from the pipe, so that four or five were on the carpet at once, and then he made great ones, and blew them up into the air. There were so many things which could be done, and the stopping to talk to baby took up so much time, that he was surprised when half-past three came, and nurse said she was ready to give

him a bath. By four o'clock Ainslee was quite ready to start, and mama brought in a gay little basket she had bought from an Indian long ago, almost filled with the caramels.

"This is your birthday present to Amanda," she said, "and you can hand it to her when you say 'How d'ye do.'"

Ainslee walked off, after hugging mama hard, thinking he should have no trouble at all in speaking to Amanda, but as he drew nearer to the house, remembered all that had happened the day before, and almost wished he had stayed at home. Too late for that though, for Tommy, standing in the door, had spied him, and ran out at once, to find out what could be in the basket.

"You ought to a-seen how slick all the boys an' girls looked in school this afternoon," said Tommy. "They was all dressed so 's to come right to the party after school, an' Miss Barrett asked if they thought it was Sunday. She did n't know it was 'Mandy's birthday. What you got in that basket, Ainslee?"

"Something for Amanda," said Ainslee. "Let's hurry in."

Mrs. Martin met him at the door, and told him he could go into her room and take his coat and cap off, and then stand on a stool before the glass and see if his hair was tumbled. Ainslee hurried through with this, and then went into the parlor with little Charley Stearns, who did n't dare go alone.

Amanda stood in one corner, dressed in white, with several of the little girls about her, and for half a second Ainslee hesitated. Then he went to her and held out the basket.

"I'm real glad you're five years old," he said, "and here's something 'cause you are."

Amanda turned very red as she took the basket, and said "Thank you" in so low a voice. Ainslee could hardly hear her.

"You 'll give me some. won't you, 'Mandy?" said Sampson, looking over her shoulder.

"No, I won't," said Amanda, so suddenly, that Sampson stepped back quickly. "You ain't a nice boy. I can't bear you."

"Hity tity!" said Mrs. Martin, who had just come in. "Don't you quarrel any at your party, 'Mandy. Why don't you play something?"

"We're goin' to this minute," said Tommy. "Come on; let's have 'Fox an' Geese.'"

One game followed another, and the children were surprised when Mrs. Martin opened the door into the dining-room, and told them it was time to come to supper.

"They've got five kinds o' cake, besides doughnuts," whispered Sampson to Billy Howard. "I peeked in a good while ago, an' counted when there was n't any body looking, an' I'm going to eat every kind there is. Maybe I'll have two pieces o' each."

"I don't believe you will," said Tommy, who was close behind. "You ain't goin' to have more'n any body else."



Sampson looked a little ashamed, but as Dr. Brown was seen at his mother's door next morning, and he was out of school for two or three days, I rather think he had all he said he would, and perhaps more.

As the supper ended, and the children flocked back to the parlor, Amanda came up close to Ainslee.

"Stay here a minute," she said. "Mother's got something for you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Martin. "'Mandy told me you wanted Sinny to come to the party, an' she would n't give me any peace, teasin' me to let him. I was n't going to do that, but I told her she could have some cake an' things for him, an'

if you was a mind to, you could stop at Sinny's going home with your grandpa, an' give 'em to him."

"Why, ain't that nice?" said Ainslee, whose face was one broad smile. "Won't he be tickled? I like you, Mrs. Martin."

"Do you?" said Mrs. Martin, laughing. "Well, when you're ready to go home, you jest come out here an' get that bundle."

Ainslee kept close by Amanda through the rest of the evening, and when grandpa came, at half-past seven, would have objected decidedly to going home, had it not been for the bundle.

"Don't let's ever not make up again, Amanda," he whispered to her, as Tommy and she followed him to the door.

"I love you, Ainslee," Amanda answered, "an' I ain't ever goin' to stop."

"What's in this bundle, Ainslee?" said grandpa, as they walked on. "T is n't a good plan to take things home from a party."

"They ain't mine at all, grandpa," said Ainslee; "they're all for Sinny. Mrs. Martin said he was to have 'em 'cause he did n't come to the party, an' I want you to stop at Nancy's, grandpa, so's to give 'em to him."

"Won't to-morrow do?"

"Why no, grandpa," said Ainslee. "You would n't want to wait, if you was a little boy, would you?"

"No, I don't suppose I should," grandpa answered, and by this time they were at old Peter Smith's. Grandpa knocked at the door, and Nancy opened it, looking a little surprised to see Ainslee at such a late hour.

"Where's Sinny?" said he, running in. "He is n't in bed, is he?"

"Yes he is," said Nancy, "an' sound asleep too. What you want?"

"I want him to get up right away, quick," said Ainslee. "May n't he, Nancy? I've got something for him."

"Well, yes," said Nancy, after a minute. "You can go with me an' wake him up."

Sinny's woolly head lay on the pillow, his eyes were shut tight, and Ainslee looked at him a moment before touching him.

"Don't he look funny asleep?" he said. "Sinny, wake up! Here's something for you; wake right up!" and Ainslee shook him as hard as he could.

"You stop that, Samp Simmons," Sinny said, sitting up in bed, and opening his eyes. "I'll punch you if you don't. Why, Ainslee! I did

n't know it was you. I thought it was school, an' Samp was plaguing me. Ain't it night?"

"Yes, it's night," said Ainslee. "But Amanda's sent you something from the party, an' I've come to bring it. Come into the kitchen and see."

Sinny hopped out of bed and into the kitchen in his yellow flannel nightgown, and sat down by the table, a little confused at finding grandpa Walton there.

"It's a big bundle," he said, as he untied the string and pulled off the paper. "My-y! just look a-here!" and Sinny sat quite silent a moment, and then laughed aloud. "Why, there's cake with sugar on top, an' nuts, an' raisins, an' candy — three sticks! Oh!"

"Lots!" said Ainslee. "What will you do with it all, Sinny?"

"Eat it up," said Sinny, beginning on a stick of candy, "an' I'll give some to mother, an' some to gran'ther. I'll give 'Mandy sun'thin' too, only I don't know what."

"Make her a horse-hair ring," said Ainslee. "an' I'll give you some red beads to put in it."

"Then you come up here to-morrow," said Sinny. "No, I'll come down to your house, 'cause I want some black hairs out o' your horse's tail. I've got plenty o' white ones out of ourn."

Sinny did go down next day, and with the red beads, and black and white hair, made a very pretty ring. Mrs. Barton, who had been told all about it by Ainslee, gave them a little white box in which a thimble had come, and filled it with pink cotton on which to lay the ring. Then Ainslee printed AMANDUR on it, in large let-

ters, and Mrs. Barton tied it up nicely. Sinny could hardly wait over Sunday, and took it out of his pocket so many times, that his mother said it would be all worn out before Amanda got it.

Monday morning came at last, and Sinny was on the school-house steps before any body else. Billy Howard got there next, and then Ainslee, and then Tommy and Amanda came in sight. Sinny ran forward to meet them, for he did not want Billy Howard to see.

"I've got something for you, 'Mandy,'" he said, as he came up to her. "I made it all myself."

Amanda opened the box. "Why, it's a ring!" she said. "I never had a ring. Ain't it pretty?"

"Ainslee had the beads, but I did it," said Sinny; "an' I made it just to fit my littlest finger, 'cause yours is all smaller 'n mine, an' Ainslee's is fatter 'n any of us."

"It's a beauty!" said Amanda, putting it on, and looking at it with great admiration.

"I would n't wear a ring he made," said Billy Howard, who had run to them fast as he could, when he saw them all stopping together.

"Yes you would, if you could get it," said Tommy.

"No fear he will," Sinny said. "I don't make rings for any body that ain't just first rate. You get out, Billy Howard."

The school-bell rang, and Miss Barrett said "Hurry!" as she passed on, so the quarrel ended there. Amanda looked at her ring so often, that she almost forgot to look at her lesson, and at night told her mother, she thought Sinny was most as nice for a black boy as Ainslee for a white one.

BIDDY AND DORCAS.

BY MARY E ATKINSON

In the great barn's fragrant shade,
Biddy's nest of hay was made;
In a box 't was placed with care,
And a dozen eggs put there.

Proud and glad was Biddy then,
Good and quiet, patient hen,
Sitting on her snow-white eggs,
Though with aching wings and legs.

Brown-winged Dorcas, going past,
Looks of longing on her cast.
Day by day her wishes grew
To be sitting on eggs too.

But for her no nest was made;
People took the eggs she laid;
Till her heart with waiting tired
For the nest that she desired.

On the box top, rough and brown,
Dorcas patiently sat down;
All in vain was scared away,
Would not scratch for seed, nor play.

There she sat upon the lid
Just as long as Biddy did
On her nest. Poor silly hen!
Did she look for chickens then?

Biddy did not laugh and say, —
"You're no use; just go away!"
Three long weeks they sat together,
Through the soft and mild spring weather,

Till one day, as all went well,
Five small chickens broke their shell;
Dorcas, sitting half-asleep,
Heard a little voice say, "Peep!"

How she winked her small round eyes,
In her gladness and surprise!
How she lighted on the ground,
Called the little chickens round,

Proud and pleased as she could be,
With her little family!
Biddy could not leave her nest,
She must stay to hatch the rest.

Next day all the seven came out,
Chipped their shells, and ran about, —
Little feathery balls of down,
Black and yellow, white and brown.

Just a dozen little things,
With such tiny tails and wings!
Little sisters, little brothers,
With two careful, loving mothers.

In the damp and chilly weather,
Both the hens sat down together,
Spreading four brown downy wings,
O'er the tender little things.

In the bright and summer weather
Both the hens went out together,
Scratching, clucking, finding food
For their hungry, pretty brood.

Summer days were warm and long;
Little chickens soon grew strong,
Little yellow feet could scratch,
Little beaks their food could catch.

Then the mothers, side by side,
Eyed the growing chicks with pride.
Each the other warmly praised,
"What a noble brood we've raised!"

THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN

ONLY he who has made a long voyage, can appreciate the force of the words, "Homeward Bound." Those two little words often enable men cheerfully to go through toil and hardship, and even suffering, that would seem almost intolerable. It would be really curious if we could see the different feelings in the minds of the officers and sailors of a ship homeward bound. To some, the words would bring thoughts of the loving welcome of father, mother, brothers, and sisters; of the pleasant old homestead and its thousand boyish associations, and a wandering thought of the changes that may have taken place in the three years' absence; in the minds of others would be ever present the anxious and loving face of a wife, and visions of a child that, three years before, perhaps, was a tiny baby, — wife and child waiting with anxious hearts, and, as sailors say, pulling the ship in by an imaginary line that reaches from it to their hands. There are,

doubtless, some among the crew, who have no one to give a friendly pull on the line, and help them in; but they look forward to returning to old haunts, former companions, or chance friends, and they can receive their accumulated pay, and be merry for a while, as sailors will. Your real sailor always has friends, in a friendly port, or he soon makes them.

Not a very long time ago, the United States steam sloop-of-war *Narragansett* (of which I was one of the officers) ran up to her mainmast-head, one day, in the harbor of Valparaiso, a long pennant, that, when there was not sufficient breeze to blow it out, trailed on the water. It was her "homeward bound" pennant, as it is called. The boom of one of her guns, echoing among the hills of the harbor, was the signal for preparation, and as the men ran cheerily round at the capstan bars, dragging up the heavy anchor from its deep resting-place, we felt a little

thrill at the thought that the last tie that detained us in the Pacific Ocean, was severed, and that we were really, at last, homeward bound. During our three years' cruise in the Pacific, we had visited every port, pushed up every bay and sound, and seen every mile of coast, throughout its whole extent. We had seen every thing of interest that could be seen on the western coast of North and South America. But all our thoughts, now, were of our destination, not of our past cruise. What cared we if the waves tossed and pitched us about? Perhaps the old Pacific did not mean to let us go without a struggle. But we were in a staunch man-of-war, and were bound for home, and the persistent south-west wind, and the heavy seas, pushed us, and tried to hold us back, in vain.

Our last look at the great ocean was an unfavorable one, for as we approached the extremity of the continent, the wind increased to a gale, and the sea rose to a fearful height. But we kept on, till, suddenly changing our course, we headed in towards the land, and brought the gale, which had till now been all against us, on our quarter. At last, then, perhaps on the principle of "speeding the parting guest," the elements declared in our favor, and we went dashing through the water, with all the sails set that the ship could bear, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, towards the western end of Patagonia. At the sudden cry from the look-out of "Land Ho!" every eye strained to catch the first glimpse of the shore. But mist and fog overhung us, and we gazed only into their impenetrable clouds. It was not till we were close at hand that we discovered, looming up, still hazy and indistinct, a great bluff front of rock. It was Cape Pillar (as it is called), which marks the western entrance of the Strait of Magellan. As we rounded in, under its rugged and sea-beaten base, we found shelter and smooth water. Good-by, at last, old Pacific Ocean! If we see you no more, we shall always remember your kindly treatment of us, during our three years' cruise, with pleasure, — but we leave you without regret.

The Strait of Magellan, which was discovered by a Portuguese navigator, Ferdinand Magellan, and which, in return, has handed his name down to everlasting remembrance, is simply a short cut between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. But a passage through the Strait is not merely a saving of distance; it is also a means of safety. Steamers glide quickly through, finding smooth water, and shelter from the winds, while sailing vessels struggle on the

tedious, stormy, and perilous journey around Cape Horn. The Strait is too winding and narrow for them to pass. Its width is, at some places, less than three miles, and at no part of its whole three hundred miles of extent, does it exceed thirty miles. The northern shore is the country of Patagonia; the southern, the island of "Tierra del Fuego." The latter is a sort of *terra incognita*, unknown, perhaps, from very lack of interest. The few glimpses that we had of it, revealed nothing but bare rock, sand, or flat plain. It takes its name, "Tierra del Fuego," or "land of fire," from the fires that the Indians kindle there, at certain seasons of the year, when, at a distance, the whole island seems ablaze, and suggests really a whole island of flame. Entering the Strait, as we did, from the Pacific, one passes into a narrow entrance, perhaps six miles in width, between Queen Adelaide and Desolation Islands, having on one hand the Cape de los Pilares, or, as we call it, Cape Pillar. That grand old Cape looms up defiantly, though jagged, and split, and worn by thousands of storms, like some great giant guarding his post, in spite of wounds, strong and determined as ever. Every wave that dashes against its base, comes whirling back with a great roar of rage, and settles down, foaming and seething, as it joins its baffled fellows. Far away in the distance, towering aloft, were some tall, sharp pinnacles, glittering in the last rays of the setting sun. They were called the spires of Westminster! There was something proud in the sturdy front of the Cape, destined thus to battle ever with the sea; and in the distance, the shadowy spires of Westminster made us fancy a distant view of Westminster Abbey, and called up its grand old associations. It is the Abbey that bestows its name upon these weird pinnacles of stone, erected in this wild waste of Patagonia by the great builder, Nature. They may not serve to commemorate illustrious dead, but may they not serve as a temple to celebrate the joining of hands of the two great Oceans of the world, — the Atlantic and the Pacific.

As we passed close by the sides of the cliff, we could see the great rents and chasms in it, — breaches gradually worn by the never ceasing sea beating against its sides. Small, stumpy spruce-trees grow on the surface of the cliffs and chasms, all bending towards the east. It seemed as if some gigantic broom had swept them down, brushing them eastward to the Atlantic. But the broom is only the wind, which blows steadily from the westward. Under the protection of this

valiant cliff, our ship rode easily in smooth water, and gliding into a small basin, almost surrounded by friendly cliffs, we let our anchor fall for the night. It seemed difficult to realize that, in almost broad daylight, it was really ten o'clock at night, and time to "turn in," as sailors say. So we lay quietly at anchor, our first night in the Strait of Magellan.

While a sailing vessel would be driving before a gale, or struggling with a head wind round Cape Horn, here lay our steamer, as quietly ensconced in her little harbor as if she were on the dry dock. We had reason, you see, to be thankful for our steam, in more ways than one. It so happened that we were crossing from one ocean to the other at the most favorable season of the year. It was the 23d of December that we entered the Strait, or near midsummer in southern latitudes. It was still cool enough, however, to make overcoats and blankets necessary. You must remember that we were in about the same latitude, in the South, as Hudson's Bay in the North, a region that, in our imagination certainly, if not in reality, is an enormous tract of perennial ice and snow. So we had to experience only the mildness of summer, not the extreme cold of the winter. We were really surprised, when we were told by the Governor of a little settlement farther on, that the thermometer never went lower than 28° below zero.

In spite of a sudden and severe storm the night that we lay under the protection of the "Cape of the Pillars," the next day was bright and clear, as we weighed anchor, and steamed on through the Strait. The scenery that we passed through that day, always recurs to memory like the effect of some picture, or some scene of arctic beauty that I had imagined. We were steaming along slowly, the day was clear, and the land was but a short distance from us on either side. But we kept close to the northern shore, almost directly under the great, bare, cold-looking rocks that form the shore. In the distance was a range of mountains capped with snow, sparkling in the sunlight. Below the caps of snow, down the sides of the mountains, as far as the eye could reach, were glaciers — vast fields of ice, glistening in the sun, of a brilliant sea-green color. As our steamer slowly passed them, I walked the deck, and watched these magnificent and changing ice-fields. I could fancy all sorts of fantastic images appearing on the surface, then changing, and finally disappearing. At one time I could picture an enormous crouching lion; at another time a colossal human figure reclining, or

an animal's head, and so on, in endless variety, as long as we kept the mountains in sight. But as we advanced, the mountains gradually diminished in height, and the Strait increased in width, until we arrived at a little cove, so deep and narrow as to seem like a dock, and here, on the 25th of December, we came to anchor, to keep our Christmas Day as we best could. We hung up no stockings, and we had no fireside to gather around, and we could not run in and wish our friends and neighbors a "Merry Christmas;" for we were thousands of miles away from them, in a region of eternal ice and snow, surrounded only by bleak rocks, dreary plains, and the unchanging ocean. We could hardly expect that Santa Claus would find his way clear down to Cape Horn, even if he could have imagined that there would be any one there to welcome him. But we celebrated the day after our fashion, — rather a dreary one, it must be confessed, compared to a Christmas at home, — but still, for us, it was Christmas. We had roast turkey, roast goose, plum-pudding, and other good things for dinner; and we drank toasts, sang songs, and played games, to make it seem like a real Christmas; but I know that a good many of us were thinking that we were "homeward bound," and that our next Christmas would be passed at our own homes, for the first time, in some cases, in several years.

The day after Christmas we left our little basin, and were once more steaming through the Strait. We had our usual accompaniment of flocks of birds, who were following us in the hope of picking up a few crumbs in our wake. There were large numbers of albatrosses that had borne us company since we first entered the Strait. I thought of the poor "Ancient Mariner," who, with his cross-bow, "shot the Albatross," and his dreadful misery in consequence. It was quite apparent that the superstition was becoming extinct, for our men were constantly trying to catch them with a hook. They hovered lazily over us, spreading out their enormous wings, and floating, or sailing in the wind, without an effort, apparently, yet with great rapidity. They would sometimes drop clumsily into the water astern of us, and awkwardly fold up their enormous wings, while looking for scraps of food from our vessel. They must have measured six, and even eight feet across the wings. The "propeller duck" was another new species of water bird to us. It takes its name from its peculiar motion through the water, which leaves a wake very similar to a propeller steamer. Of

course, there were hosts of gulls and pelicans to swell the throng. We certainly had no cause to complain of the number of our feathered attendants through the Strait.

Farther on, the snow-clad mountains, and the glittering ice-fields were left behind, out of sight; and as we went on, even the crags and rocks on either shore diminished, and were replaced by broad, green meadows, which were watered by small running streams. At one place, too, there were herds of cattle and horses roaming "wild and free" over the great pastures. We kept all the time close to the shore, so close that, as we passed one place where there were boards nailed to the trees, with the names of vessels which had passed written upon them, we could easily read the names with our glasses.

Farther on, a few ruined walls, and some rude wooden crosses marked the spot where was formerly a small settlement, called (unfortunately only too appropriately) Port Famine. The place was a penal settlement, belonging to the Chilian Government, but one fearful winter every one in Port Famine starved to death, and the little crosses mark the graves of some of the victims.

At noon of the same day we were opposite "Punta Arenas," or Sandy Point, and here we dropped our anchor again. Although there seemed to be but very little attraction on shore, where we could see nothing but four or five little houses, and a stockade fort, yet it was something to feel the solid earth under one's feet, and for that reason chiefly, perhaps, many of us jumped into a boat and pulled to the beach. Once on shore, there seemed to be very little to do indeed, and there even seemed to be a possibility of our tiring of *terra firma*, but we strolled about nevertheless. Passing among the huts, we saw many Indian women (Patagonians) sitting upon the ground, stupid, indolent, and unclean, looking more like animals than human beings. They were apparently incapable of much besides stupid staring. Some of them had naked infants in their laps, their tender little bodies being hardened to the cold from the earliest moments.

The Governor of the place is an official of the Chilian Government, and has a small force of soldiers at his command to control the criminals that are sentenced to undergo exile in this forlorn place. I should think the Governor himself, in spite of his mansion and his soldiers, might feel as if he, too, were an exile. He was very courteous, and extended to us a cordial welcome, but the next morning his little fort and garrison and all were far astern, and we were steaming on, nearer and nearer to the Atlantic Ocean.

The country was now quite flat, and as we came to anchor in Gregory Bay, it stretched away in broad, green "pampas," as far as the eye could reach. The Strait was wide now, and the opposite shore was not visible. We were still "hugging" the northern shore, and it was our last anchorage, at Gregory Bay. Some of us went on shore and roamed over the fields, with guns, in quest of game, which, we thought, would be abundant in the tall grass and low bushes of the pampas. But the sportsmen returned to the ship disappointed, only avenging themselves by lighting the tall grass in several places, and watching the flames spread over the pampas.

The sun was well up the next morning when I went on deck, and found that our anchor had been lifted early, and that we were on our way again, just leaving the Strait. Our last view of it was very different from our first. Instead of rocky headlands, we saw only low, sandy shores, with a background of flat plain, little sand pits, and the broad Strait. We passed the entrance, and shaped a new northerly course. But I could not stay to tell how we kept on through many dreary days and nights, amidst delays, storms, and dangers, — how we stopped for a while at Montevideo, Rio Janeiro, and St. Thomas, — and our adventures by the way. I can only say, that at last our voyage of three months was over, and we were all scattered to our several homes. I, for one, have not yet again been "outward bound."



HUNTER AND TOM.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

LANDING.

THE boys rambled together about the steamer for some time after giving the ponies their supper, and then went and took their seats under a sort of awning near the stern, where they could look off upon the water and see the sloops and steamers which they met or passed on the river, as they went on their way. At length Elvie began to be sleepy, and so they went together to their berths in the gentlemen's cabin, and went to bed.

The first thing that Elvie was conscious of after he bade August good-night and laid his head upon the pillow, was a pulling at his shoulder, and a voice calling upon him to wake up. He opened his eyes, and seeing that it was August who was pulling him, he asked what was the matter.

"It is time to get up," said August. "We are almost at Troy."

"Are we?" said Elvie, in a very sleepy tone.

"Yes," said August. "The bell has just rung. Did not you hear it?"

Elvie aroused himself from his sleepiness as well as he could, and climbed down from his berth. He began to put on his clothes, but he felt very sleepy. August helped him in his dressing, and tried to keep him awake by talking to him.

"We must make haste," said he, "and be ready when we reach the land, or else they may put the ponies on shore, and we shall not be there to take care of them."

At last they were dressed, and taking their valises in their hands they went up the stairway that led to the deck. Poor Elvie staggered about as if his valise was too heavy for him to carry, though it was really his sleepiness that made him unsteady. Moreover it was pretty dark, for it was between three and four o'clock in the morning, and the cabin stairs were dimly lighted by a hanging lamp, which seemed to be nearly burnt out.

"I will carry your valise for you, Elvie," said August, "and you can steady yourself by the banisters."

When they reached the deck they found that the boat was coming up to the pier.

"We must go and saddle and bridle the po-

nies," said August, "and strap our valises on, and then, when the men get them out upon the pier, we can ride them to the hotel."

So the boys went along the decks to the forward part of the vessel, carrying their valises in their hands. They laid their valises down in a safe place, and went for the saddles and bridles. August succeeded very soon in saddling and bridling Hunter, and Elvie tried to manage Tom, but he was so sleepy that he put the saddle on wrong side before, as if the crupper was to go over the pony's head. August, however, soon set it right, and then helped Elvie about the bridle and the valise, and saw that all the straps were properly buckled.

By this time the boat was made fast, and the two planks, one forward and the other aft, were laid across from the two gangways to the pier. The regular passengers went on shore by the one which was laid in their part of the vessel, and after the emigrants and the other deck passengers had gone over by the forward one, the men came to take the ponies on shore, and August and Elvie followed them. They were lighted across the plank by lanterns held by two men, one on each side.

"Now Elvie," said August, "we will mount our ponies and ride to the hotel."

"How shall we find out where it is?" asked Elvie.

"Here's a carriage belonging to it, that will go right there," said August. "We'll follow close behind it."

Elvie did not answer, but stood by the side of Tom, leaning against the saddle, with his head on his arm, as if he was just ready to go to sleep again. August at once saw that there would be danger if Elvie were to attempt to ride to the hotel on horseback, that he might lose his balance and fall off.

"You shall go in the carriage, Elvie," said he, "and I will bring the horses along myself."

Elvie did not answer, but allowed August to lead him to the door of the carriage, which he did with one hand, holding both the bridles of the ponies in the other, and thus bringing them along at the same time. The coachman opened the door and helped Elvie to get in. As soon as he was in he sank down upon the front seat with his head in one corner, and soon fell asleep again.

One or two other persons got into the coach

after this, but they took their places on the back seat, and paid no attention to Elvie. In fact, it was so dark inside the carriage that they could scarcely see whether it was a small boy or a big bundle that was lying there.

The coachman soon mounted upon the box and drove on. August followed, riding Hunter and leading Tom. When they reached the hotel, a groom came out from the stable to take the horses, while August helped Elvie out of the carriage and led him up-stairs to a bed-room. In thus going up-stairs the two boys were conducted by a chamber-maid, who went before them with a lamp, and were followed by a porter with the two valises, one in each hand. Elvie was by this time sufficiently awake to help undress himself. August opened his valise for him and took out his night-gown. While he was helping him to put it on, Elvie said, —

"But, August, I must go down to the stable and take care of Tom. Father said I was to take care of him all the way, like a trooper."

"But our journey is not fairly begun yet," said August. "You won't begin taking care of Tom till we fairly set out on horseback."

Elvie was very ready to receive any excuse for going immediately to bed, and in five minutes from that time he was sound asleep. August went down to the stable to see that Hunter and Tom were properly taken care of, and then he came back to his room again, and in a very short time he was asleep too at Elvie's side.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING AT THE HOTEL.

It was about four o'clock in the morning when August and Elvie went to bed in their chamber at the Mansion House, and they did not rise until after nine. They were disturbed a little by the gongs which rang for breakfast, and Elvie, alarmed in his sleep by so loud a sound, started up for a moment in his bed, but August bid him lie down and go to sleep again. So he lay down, and they both slept on two hours longer.

At length at nine o'clock they awoke, and rose and dressed themselves. Their first duty, after they were ready to come down-stairs, was to take out two books, a Testament and a prayer book, — which had been stowed, one in August's valise and the other in Elvie's, — and attend to their devotions, according to a plan which August had

arranged. August was to read a short passage from the Testament, which he selected for the occasion, and then Elvie was to read the prayer.

"If we do this every morning," said August to Elvie in proposing the plan, "we shall feel better for it all day."

"And act better too, I suppose," said Elvie.

"Yes," said August, "and act better too, which will be a double gain."

When this service was concluded, the two boys went down-stairs together.

"Now," said August, "we must go first to the stable and see about Hunter and Tom before we go for our breakfast."



They accordingly went across the hall to a backdoor which led to the stable yard. There were various carriages and coaches standing in different parts of the yard, and several people coming and going. The two boys went toward the stable door, which was a large double door, and was wide open. Inside, near the entrance, was a black man currying a horse that was standing there on the stable floor, hitched to the end of a chain which hung down from a beam above.

"We want to see those two horses which came here last night," said Elvie.

"Or rather this morning," said August. "They came up in the New York boat."

"There were n't any horses came here this morning—not that I know any thing about,"—said the black man. Then appearing to recollect himself suddenly, he said, "Do you mean them two little ponies?"

Elvie had been fully resolved that Hunter and Tom should be considered and called horses, and not ponies, but he began to think by this time that he must give up that idea. He was not very willing to give it up, however, and so he answered, not in a very good humored way,—

"Yes, I don't know but *you* call them ponies."

"I do call them ponies," said the black man, "and the two prettiest ponies I ever saw. I know 'em well by this time, for I spent a long time this morning rubbing them down. They are full of fun, both of them, but as kind-hearted as two lambs."

So saying, the stable-man pointed to the stalls where the ponies were standing, and August and Elvie went to see them. They found them both very busily engaged eating their oats. After remaining in and near the stalls for a few minutes, and giving Hunter and Tom some friendly pattings on the head and neck, and talking with them in a sociable manner,—during all which time, though they seemed much pleased with these attentions, and turned their heads from time to time to look at August and Elvie, they both went on uninterruptedly eating their oats,—the boys left them and returned to the hotel, where they proceeded at once to the great dining-room, in order to have their breakfast.

There were two long tables set out in the room, and various groups were seated at them in different parts of the room, taking their breakfast. August and Elvie chose an unoccupied place, and as soon as they sat down, a waiter came and asked them what they would take.

"What can we have?" asked August.

"Any thing you please," said the waiter. Then going away a moment, he presently returned with a paper containing a printed list of what was provided for breakfast, and which contained, on examination, almost every thing that any person could desire for such a meal.

"Now Elvie," said August, laying the bill of fare down upon the table between him and Elvie, so that both could see, "now we will have the very best breakfast that we can order. This will be our last chance. When we get among the mountains we shall not have such a good choice as we have here. We must take there what they may happen to have for us."

So they looked over the list, and each chose such things as he liked. Elvie called for coffee and some sausages, and a bot roll and butter, and an omelette; and after eating these things he finished with two plates of buckwheat cakes with syrup on them. When he had got through with all this, he told August that he never had had a better breakfast in his life.

After breakfast, August and Elvie went to the parlor and opened their map, in order to look out upon it the road that they were to take, so as to see what was the first town.

If you look at a map of the United States, or even at one of New York or of New England, you will see that Troy is not very far from the State line of New York, which lies to the eastward of it, and forms the boundary in that direction between New York on *one side* and Vermont and Massachusetts on the other. August and Elvie saw this as they were looking upon their map in the hotel parlor, for though it was a map of New England which they had, the delineations were extended toward the west far enough to reach to the Hudson River, and some of the chief towns along that river were laid down.

"You see," said August, "we are not very far from the State line."

"How far?" asked Elvie.

"I'll see," said August.

So saying, he took out a small piece of paper from his pocket, and folding it so as to make a straight edge, he laid it down upon the map in such a manner, that the straight edge should extend from Troy, in an easterly direction, toward Williamstown in Massachusetts, beyond the State line. Then with a pencil he made a little mark upon the edge of the paper opposite to Troy, and another at the State line, thus marking upon his paper the distance from one to the other. He then transferred the paper to the scale of miles on the corner of the map, and measured the distance by it.

"It is rather more than twenty miles," said he.

"What! twenty miles!" exclaimed Elvie.

"Such a little space as that."

"Yes," replied August. "They are obliged to make the distances very small, in order to get such a large part of the world upon so small a sheet of paper. It is twenty-three or four miles from here to the State line, as the crow flies."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Elvie.

"In a bee line," replied August; "that is, straight. In a perfectly straight line through the air."

"I don't believe that bees always fly in a straight line," said Elvie, — "nor crows either."

"True," said August. "They don't, but they might fly so if they chose, and people have made a sort of proverb of it; and when they say so many miles in a bee line, or as the crow flies, they mean the shortest distance, straight through the air, without taking into the account the windings of the road. Of course, when we measure on a map, by means of the scale of miles, we measure in a straight line. But we have to travel by the road, and that will be farther, so that we have to make allowance."

"How much allowance must we make?" asked Elvie.

"That depends upon the country," said August. "When the country is level, the roads are generally pretty straight, and then the measurement on the map is not far out of the way. But when the country is mountainous, so that the roads wind about among the valleys, in getting through, then we must allow sometimes as much as one fourth for the windings of the road."

On the whole, considering that the country which they were going through must be getting more and more hilly as they ascended into the elevated region which separated the valleys of the Hudson and of the Connecticut, they concluded to allow one quarter for the windings of the road in going to the State line. August thought, on applying his measure again more exactly, that it was about twenty-four miles in a straight course to the State line; and as the quarter of twenty-four is six, which added to twenty-four makes thirty, he came to the conclusion that it must be at least thirty miles to the line, by the road which they would have to travel.

"Then we shall not get to it to-day," said Elvie.

"No," said August. "We shall not go more than fifteen miles the first day."

I advise the boys or girls who may read this story, to take some map, find the scale of miles upon the corner of it, or in the margin, and see if they can measure the distance from one town to another by means of a slip of paper and the scale, as August and Elvie did.

CHAPTER IX.

SETTING OUT.

AUGUST had determined to make very short stages for the first two or three days of the jour-

ney, in order that Elvie should not become too tired at the outset. Elvie had been accustomed to ride, it is true, but his rides thus far had only been little tours of four or five miles out and in, around Tarrytown; and to begin all at once at the rate of twenty or thirty miles a day, he knew very well would be too much for him. He also determined to go always very slowly, during the first part of the day, reserving the privilege of going as fast as might be desirable toward the end of the day, if he found that Elvie's strength held out. He accordingly looked out the names of the towns that lay on the route between Troy and the Massachusetts State line, intending to stop at one or another of them for the night, according to Elvie's strength and inclination at the time.

August went to the office to pay the bill. The clerk took down the book.

"Two gentlemen a night's lodging and breakfast, and two horses," said August.

The clerk made a calculation, and then told August what the amount would be, and August paid him.

Elvie stood quietly by while August paid the bill, but as they were walking away to go to the stable, he said, —

"You paid too much, August. First, it was not two gentlemen, but only two boys; then we did not have a night's lodging, but only an hour or two in the morning; and then there are no horses, but only two little ponies."

"Ah!" said August, "that is the disadvantage of such a party as we make, in travelling together."

"Yes," said Elvie. "We pay for twice as much as we have."

"No," replied August. "We only pay for twice as much as we *are*. We *have* as much as we pay for. We disturbed the bed as much, and made as much work for the chamber-maid, and had as good a sleep as if we had been in bed all night. And if the ponies have not eaten as much as two horses, I am sure that we ate as much breakfast as two men."

"That's a fact," said Elvie.

Thus talking together they went to the stable and told the black man that they had come to get their ponies. He was going immediately to saddle and bridle them, but the boys said that they preferred to do that themselves. They first, however, led them out by their halters, and gave them a good drink out of a big tub which stood before a pump in the yard. Then they took them back into the stable, and there pro-

ceeded to put on the saddles and bridles, talking all the time in a very friendly manner with the black man, who seemed to take a great interest in the proceedings. He said he should like very well to be a boy himself, and to be setting out upon such a journey with a pony like one of those.

After the ponies were ready, August and Elvie left them in the hands of one of the stable-boys to lead them round to the door of the hotel, while they went in to see about their valises. They sent the porter from the office up to their room to bring the valises down, and then they themselves went to the front door to meet the ponies. The stable-boy very soon brought the ponies round. August and Elvie mounted them. The porter brought down the valises and strapped them on behind the saddles. The clerk of the hotel, and also several gentlemen who were guests, came to the door to see the ponies, and to witness the departure of the travellers. Several boys also from the street gathered about the door full of admiration at the spectacle.

"What jolly little horses!" said one of the boys.

"Give us a little ride up and down the street on one of them," said another.

August and Elvie took no notice of these observations, but as soon as they were ready, and August had given a small piece of money to the porter and also to the stable-boy, they both bowed to the gentlemen who stood at the door of the hotel, and moved on. The gentlemen returned their bows, and wished them a good journey.

The boys in the street were very much dis-

posed to take off their caps and give three cheers, but standing somewhat in awe of the hotel people who were upon the steps, they restrained their enthusiasm, except that one of the youngest of them, when the ponies had disappeared around the corner, expressed his emotion on the occasion by throwing his cap up into the air, and cutting a most extraordinary caper.

August had taken the precaution to inquire his way out of town, at the office, before leaving the hotel, so they did not have to stop and ask any questions of the people in the streets, but went steadily on until they found themselves fairly in the country.

"Now," said Elvie, "our journey is really begun."

It was a charming autumnal day. The roadsides were filled with the yellow leaves which had fallen from the trees. On each side of the way were corn-fields ready for the harvest, with golden pumpkins lying here and there among the hills, all over the ground, and orchards with great heaps of apples gathered from under the trees, and laid together ready to be taken in.

"We have come just in the right time for pumpkin pies," said Elvie.

"Yes, and for baked apples and milk," replied August.

As they rode on, there came into view, from time to time, some high mountains to the eastward of them, and very nearly in the direction in which they were going. They were the mountains, August said, that they would pass over, or at least among, in crossing the State line into Massachusetts.

A DAY ON DECK.

It had just gone seven bells (seven and a half o'clock A. M.), and the port watch "rousted out," with their eyes half opened, were hovering around the galley door, to get their breakfast.

Land was in plain sight on our starboard bow, — a bold, dark headland, which showed no sign of vegetable life, except here and there where mosses and lichens had found a scanty hold for their roots. The uninviting, cold, barren place of which we speak is famed in nautical history, and known to every school-boy and girl; for who has not heard of Cape Horn, or, as sailors please to term it, "*Cape Stiff*," and its stormy sea? All

the night before we had been sailing with a fair wind, but, as the sun came up, the wind died away, until the sails flapped lazily against the masts, as our ship, unsteadied, rolled to and fro with each long swell that passed beneath her.

Such was the state of affairs as the port watch sat eating their breakfast in the dingy fore-castle.

"Faix," said our jolly man Teddy, as he finished his meal, and lighted a little black stump of a pipe, "it's such a fine day as the Captain'll be for havin' out that whirlygig of a spinnin' jenny, and makin' up enough spun-yarn to serve

down the riggin' of a three-decker; blarst his old machine."

Teddy's prophetic meditation was interrupted by the bells, as they struck eight, and he went on deck with the rest of his watch. Meanwhile, a light wind sprung up, but dead ahead; so the first mate bawled out,—"All hands, tack ship; see your starb'd braces clear."

When a ship "goes about," it is quite an eventful time on board. "Chips," the carpenter, goes out to lend a hand on the main-brace; and even the "Doctor," as the steward is called, deserts his galley "to let go de main-sheet, haul down de galley-haul, and frow de cook over-board."

Every thing in readiness, the Captain calls out,—"Main-topsail haul;" "Doctor" steps around lively, and throws the main-sheet off the winch; away go the starboard braces and the great yards aloft swing around to another tack.

"Fore bowline, head braces, let go and haul," shouts the Captain again: the head sails are trimmed, and the ship fills away on the other tack, with her jib-boom pointing toward the cold Antarctic, while ugly Cape Stiff looms up astern.

Teddy's prophecy regarding the "spinning jenny" was not far from right, for, sure enough, the old wheel was got out, put in position, and he himself set at work twirling it.

"Who would n't sell a farm to go to sea?" growled he, as he pulled away at the strap.

There are no very idle times during the day on shipboard, and were you to have been set down on the deck of the good ship *Lookout*, at the time of which we speak, you would have found the port watch—consisting of eight men and two boys—busy at all sorts of "jobs;" some making "sinmit," others weaving "sword-mats," while two or three "battened down the hatches,"—an operation which consists in covering all the cracks about the hatchways with strips of tarred canvas, or "parceling," and wooden slats, for the purpose of excluding water.

"Sure we 'll have it now," said Teddy, as he glanced over his shoulder and spied a deep black cloud to windward, "a real old Cape Stiff snorter, —one as 'll blow the ship overboard, and put the lee dead-eyes right under water."

The mate spied the cloud as quickly as did Teddy, for he, too, had his "weather eye open." and shouted, —

"Let go y'r r'yal halliards, fore and aft; up there, you boys, and furl 'em,—quick now."

Scarcely were they furled, when the storm

came down, shrieking with terrible vengeance through the rigging, and careening the ship until the waters hissed about her, and her wake was white with foam.

Every sail was tested to its utmost, until, at last, the fury of the gale became so great, that, one after another, three of the lighter sails were blown away. By this time all hands were employed, and sail was finally shortened to a "double reef main-topsail."

"Faix," said Teddy, as he came down from aloft, "that's what I calls carryin' on: an' did you see the mate a-hanging on to the moukey rail, and he a-blowin' out straight as the dog vane? Sure it's a bit of a blow like a fellow gets in the China Seas,—Typhoons they calls 'em, as blows the point off a marline-spike, and turns the water into buttermilk." His remarks were interrupted by a series of explosions aloft.

"Bear a hand on that spillin' line,—quick now; haul up that weather clew-line; up there, you men, and furl that topsail," shouted the mate, hurriedly. The weather sheet of the topsail had parted, and the sail was beating about madly in the gale.

Twenty men were quickly on the yard; still the sail thrashed about furiously, threatening swift destruction to any who dared lay hands on it,—many were in danger of being thrown from the yard by its violence; at last, however, after an hour of wearisome labor, it was secured, and brought down to a "goose wing." With a hearty appetite the starboard watch went forward to get their dinner.

The "Doctor" was grouty, for a slap of the staysail had knocked his stove-pipe "a-cockbill," and a pan of ashes had upset into the skouse.

"Get out o' dis galley, you shellbacks; don't want you in here nohow; got nuffin for you; gib you your dinner as soon as it's ready, and not a minute sooner: get out o' dis, or I'll smash in yer head wid dis ban'spike," said he, as a dozen tin plates were popped in at the door to be filled. "Dis yere's a right smart time to be askin' a man fur dinner; *there*, take that," and he shoved out a pan containing half skouse,* half ashes. A growl of contempt passed along the hungry line; there was only one alternative, however,—eat it, or go without a dinner; and, were it not for the hot, muddy coffee with which they washed the gritty stuff down, there would have been a hun-

* Skouse is a dish peculiar to the sea. It is made from "hard tack," or sea biscuit beaten to crumbs in a canvas bag, then mixed with water, bits of pork, or salt beef, and roasted in an oven. It is eaten with treacle.

gry lot on board that day. The port watch were glad enough when their turn came to "go below" and partake of ashes and coffee, then "turn in" on their "donkey's breakfast," as they appropriately term a straw bed, and have a snooze.

The gale still raged fiercely, for it never blows so hard off Cape Horn but it can blow harder; the ship was snug, though, and what cared those on board how hard it blew. The watch on deck were sitting on the spars under the lee of the bulwarks, spinning yarns and chewing tobacco, with nothing but the wind, and an occasional barrel or two of water, to disturb them; there they sat, like chickens on a perch. Pretty soon the vessel gave a lurch, a heavy sea rushed on board, and in a moment more the whole lot were sprawling about in the lee scuppers, like frogs in a pond; then they all got up, and marched in solemn, dripping procession, spitting and spitting, to the carpenter's room, where they found a dry bench on which to re-perch themselves.

"Well, sir," said Nick, one of the number, as he gave his oilskin breeches an extra hitch, and shifted over a huge "chaw of 'baccy," "I was off this 'ere place in the *Great Republic* once, and if it did n't blow, I'm a lubber; ship got kind o' wild, and by and by she took in a sea right over the foreyard; well, that cleaned off her deck; then, 'long came another, and stove the deck in; thought the old craft was goin' down sure,—blow me if I did n't; things looked loose around there for a little while. Well, we run over to the Islands, (Falkland,) and stayed there till we fitted up, livin' on wild geese, and havin' a general good time. But we were glad enough to get out, for them Islands ain't much of a place; they was only put there for Cape pigeons to roost on. There it goes,—seven bells,—an' here comes the mate with a kink in his head."

"Nick," said the mate, as he came up to the door, "go forward there on the t'gallan' for castle, and keep a sharp lookout."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Nick, stepping out to obey.

I have said that there are no very idle times

on shipboard; but, of course, during extremely heavy weather but little work can be done, except that which pertains to the handling of the ship, and such was the case during the day of which I have been speaking; the men, after their unceremonious ducking, had sought shelter from the storm.

"Sail o'!" shouted a voice, as though from a great distance.

"Where away?" asked the mate.

"One point off the port bow," answered the far off voice again.

It was evident that old Nick, from his lookout, had discovered something, and that something was a ship, on the same tack as ourselves.

"A California clipper," said the mate, as he tucked his spy-glass under his arm, after taking a look at her.

"May be the *Eagle Wing*," remarked one of the watch; "you know she sailed the same day we did."

Thus the day passed slowly by, "watch and watch," while the hoarse wind played mournful dirges through the rigging, and capped each great wave with a frothy comb.

Night came, and, with the exception of a dim lantern which hung at the foretop, all was darkness, made deeper by the tumult of the storm, which grew fiercer and fiercer, until the ship plunged with a tremor into each wave as it advanced, deluging the deck with water; suddenly the ship gave a heavy plunge, there was a thundering crash forward, and the deck was soon strewn with floating planks and rubbish; the forward part of the house had been demolished, as well as the "scuttle butt," pig-pen, and sundry other articles of like material.

Every thing was drenched, no one had a dry bed, not even dry clothes, except those aft.

"Let 'er blow," said Teddy; "here goes for a smoke," and he crumbled between his hands some "old navy," which he had just cut from the plug.

Just then it struck eight bells; it was midnight, and the day was finished.

THE TWO DOVES.

RAGGED MIKE is down on his hands and knees,
Making a dove of clay and straw;
A wonderful dove, a dove to love,
Like the one that on Sunday last he saw;
The milk-white dove that came flying down
Into the streets of the crowded town.

And I think that when the dove is made,
And little Mike smooths its coat of clay,
The milk-white dove will come again,
And with Mike's little dove will play;
And then while Mike stands smiling by,
They'll spread their wings and away will fly.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS."

CHAPTER X.

WHEN the four uncles came home to dinner, and heard how excited Lou had been by hearing Aunt Fanny's song of the horse, they all began to make up stories to amuse him.

Uncle Robert told him about bears, and about a fox without a tail, and about a boy that fell into the water, and was pulled out by a dog. And he made believe he was very ill, and made Lou put little pills made of paper into his mouth. Then Lou would make believe he was sick, too, and Uncle Robert would give him pills. And sometimes Lou would climb up on to the sofa, which he called the "poka," and say it was a wagon, and Uncle Robert would stand before it and let himself be the horse. Uncle Tom made him a real wagon, and would draw him about in it an hour at a time, while Lou held the reins, and a little whip in his hands, and kept calling out, —

"Get up, old horse!"

When Uncle Fred saw how the little fellow enjoyed that, he made a harness for his great dog, Bruce, and taught him to draw Lou up and down on the sidewalk before the house. Bruce knew a great deal: he would run and bring his master's slippers, when bidden; could carry home a basket of eggs, or any parcel; and if a penny was given him, would go to a shop with it, where two little cakes were sold him for it. One day the mistress of the shop, just to see what he would do, gave him only one cake. Bruce was much displeased; he laid it back upon the counter, took his penny, and marched off, and that was the last they ever saw of him at that shop.

When Lou was tired of riding, and of playing horse, Uncle Frank had even more stories to tell than Uncle Robert, and of stories the little boy never wearied. He would have liked to lie awake all night to listen to them.

At last the day for Aunt Fanny's wedding came. Every body was dressed nicely, and Lou's mama put on his best frock and his best shoes, and curled his hair around her fingers, and they all thought he looked good enough to eat, only people never eat little boys. But there was so much going on that day that he did not get any nap, and sitting up far beyond his usual bed-time made him quite wild. He would go first from his papa to his mama, and from his mama to Un-

cle Robert, and from Uncle Robert to somebody else; and while the minister was speaking solemn words, that little tongue ran as fast as it could, and that was very fast indeed.

It was not his fault, for he did not know any better, and it was not his papa's fault, or his mama's, for they never thought it wise to let him sit up to the wedding. However, not much harm was done. Aunt Fanny was married, just



the same, and Lou had now a new uncle, as every body kept telling him. He had, besides, a little bit of the frosting off the wedding-cake, which was the best part of it to him.

The next day the new uncle carried Aunt Fanny away to live with him in his own home. And Lou, and his papa and mama, went back to theirs, for it was time to begin to see about their garden, and a good many other things.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Lou was two years old, he had left off saying "wam" for yes, and there were very few words he could not speak. But he still said "h" when other people said "s."

His mama thought he was now old enough to be taught something about God, and about heaven, and about the holy angels.

"My darling Lou," she said, taking him in her arms, "do you know who made you?"

Lou was much surprised at this question. But after a moment, he said, —

"Mama made little Lou."

"No, it was God."

"God!" repeated Lou. He always repeated every new word he heard.

"Yes, God made Lou, and sent him to papa and mama, when he was a little baby."

"So big?" asked Lou, showing the tip of one of his fingers.

"No; larger than that, but still very small. I love God very much, for He is good. And I love Him for sending me this dear little boy."

"I love Him, too," said Lou.

He looked pleased and interested, and said, —
"Tell more, mama."

"Do you know what we do every morning when we all kneel down together?"

"Papa talks."

"Yes, papa speaks to God. He thanks Him for taking care of us all night, and for giving us our breakfast, and for a great many things. And then he asks Him to help us all to be good; for God loves good people."

"Does He love me?"

"Yes, He loves you dearly."

"If papa talks to God, I want to talk to God."

Then his mama made him kneel on her lap, and she folded his little hands together, and taught him to say, "Please, O God, take care of Lou, and make him a good boy."

After this she said no more, but held him quietly in her arms, rocking him back and forth.

By and by he began to laugh, and exclaimed, —

"God call to Lou; God hay, 'Lou! come up in the moon;' God hay ho" (say so).

"Does Lou think God ever made any other little boys?"

"Lou don't know."

"Yes, God made all the little boys and all the little girls in the world. God made every thing."

"He made Lou's kitty," he said. "And He made birds. And God made God."

Then turning so as to look in his mama's face, he said, —

"Yes, God made Hef" (himself).

"There is another thing mama wants to tell Lou. God can see every thing her little boy does. When Lou goes out into the orchard and picks up the green apples that lie under the trees, and eats them, God always sees him."

"Lou never saw God looking."

"No, but He can see you. Now you know mama has told you never to eat green apples, and yet you do, very often. And God knows when you disobey mama. And He does not love to see you do so."

By this time Lou was tired of the talk. He jumped down from his mama's lap, and looked about to see what mischief he could do. His favorite trick was throwing things from the win-

dow, and he now seized his papa's boots, and threw them out, one after another. His papa, who was at work in the garden, was much surprised to see them come flying out.



"That was naughty," said mama. "Lou must go and stand in the corner."

Lou went, but cried all the time he was there.

CHAPTER XII.

THE summer days at this time were long and pleasant. Lou could follow his papa about the garden, and watch him as he weeded the flowerbeds, or raked the walks. He thought he helped both papa and mama when they trained vines about the door, by holding the hammer and the nails. Sometimes he filled his little wheelbarrow with apples, and worked till his face was quite red, carrying them to the old pig, who lived out in the yard near the stable, and never seemed to do any thing but eat and grunt. His mama sometimes watched him from her window, and sometimes ran out to see where he was, or what he was doing; but this took almost all her time, and she could not spare it all. She had her house to be kept in nice order, and to tell what she would have for breakfast and dinner and supper. She had to make a great many little frocks and aprons for Lou, for now that he played out-of-doors all day long, he soiled his clothes, and had to have them changed very often. Then she wanted to read and to write,

and to play on her piano; and she had a cabinet of shells which she was fond of arranging, to say nothing of the rare plants she was collecting. So she thought it would be a good plan to get some little girl, who was older than Lou, but not too old to play with him, to come and run about the garden and the yard with him, and see that he did not go near the well.

She soon heard of a poor woman whose husband was dead, and who was like the old woman that lived in a shoe, and had so many children she did not know what to do. She was very thankful to let one of them go to live with such a nice, kind lady as Mrs. James.

"I'll sünd yer me Biddy, and she sivin years old last December was a year, ma'am."

"I'm afraid she's too young," said Lou's mama.

"Is it too young she is! But shure she'll be afther growing oulder ivery day she lives, ma'am."

"I wanted a little girl who liked to run about and play, but yet was old enough to keep my little boy out of mischief. He's *very* mischievous, and I doubt if he would obey so young a child."

"And shure it's a rale little woman she is, actyve, livelye, sprightlye, with a hid of her own, and has had the care of all the childers whiniver I've been off to a day's work, ma'am. And a full male of victuals has niver intered her poor little stomach since the day her father was brought home on a board, and I died in me chair when I saw the sight of him; I did indade."

Biddy looked up at Mrs. James while her mother was speaking, with longing eyes. To run about that pretty garden, with that pretty little boy, to get plenty to eat, and have nice clothes to wear! how nice it all seemed!

Mrs. James saw the look, and her heart melted.

"I will give her a week's trial," said she.

"Indade ma'am, and may yees live for iver," cried Mrs. Medill. "It's meself 'll scrub her up clane and tidy, so she won't know herself if she mates herself on the street, shure."

That afternoon, her face shining with soap-suds, and her calico frock and apron as tidy as tidy could be, Biddy Medill arrived at her new home, and in half an hour she and Lou were good friends. Mrs. James sat down at a table, and began to copy a picture in crayons.

"How nice it is," she thought, "that I have found that little girl! Her mother will have one child the less to feed and to clothe, and I shall be able to do a great deal for the child. I shall teach her to read and to spell, and as fast

as Lou outgrows his clothes, I can send them to Mrs. Medill."

CHAPTER XIII.

HER pleasant thoughts were interrupted by Lou, who came running in, full of wrath.

"I don't like that girl!" he shouted. "She won't come when I call her!"

"Oh, don't talk so!" said his mama.

"He kept calling me '*chick! chick! chick!*' and shure, ma'am, it's not a chicken I am!" Biddy burst out.

"If she's a biddy, she's a chick," cried Lou.

His mama laughed.

"Biddy," said she, "don't you see that Lou is only a very little boy, only two years old, and that he does n't know better than to call you a chicken? Now run away, both of you. And Biddy, remember what I said about the well."

Biddy went out slowly, and consoled herself with eating green apples in the orchard.

"You must n't eat green apples," said Lou.

"God can see you if you disobey me."

"You are only a little boy," said Biddy; "you are only two years old. Your mama said so."

Once more Lou rushed to his mama.

"God is looking right at her!" he cried, in a loud, eager voice. "He sees her eating apples. He does!"

"Tell her mama says she must not eat green apples. They will make her sick



Lou ran off with this message, and Biddy stopped eating, and filled her pockets instead.

When it was time for supper, they were called in. Biddy had hers in the kitchen, and ate as if

it was her last chance on earth, while the cook looked angrily on.

"At this rate I shall need two pair of hands, and we'll have to buy a barrel of flour a month. If that child has eaten one slice, she's eaten five. Mercy! if she is n't helping herself to another! Where's your manners, child?"

"Me what?" asked Biddy.

"Your *manners*, I say. To come into a gentleman's house and eat as if you was a tiger, — a raving, roaring, raging tiger!"

"Maybe you've always had enough to eat," said Biddy, coolly. "Maybe your mother was n't a poor widow. Maybe your father did n't fall off of a house and get killed. Maybe you was n't niver a little girl, like me."

"Indeed, and that I never was!" cried Abigail, pouring out a cup of milk for the child. "But if your mother's a widow, and your father's got killed, why, it makes a difference."

"Are Mr. and Mrs. James neat and tidy people?" asked Biddy.

"Neat and tidy! Neat and tidy? How dare you ask such a question?" cried Abigail. "Neat and tidy indeed, you little Irish Paddy, you!"

"I only wanted to know; because, if they are, I thought I'd borrow their brush and comb," said Biddy.

Abigail tried to say something, but the words would n't come. She only held up her hands and groaned aloud, and the end of it was that Mrs. James hurried out the moment tea was over, to buy for Biddy a brush, a comb, and a number of other things that she might be tempted to "borrow." Her heart sank within her when she saw, as she did now, that in taking Biddy, she had really taken another child to teach.

"I hope, Abigail," she said, "that you will be patient with the poor thing, and try to teach her

some of your own nice ways. It will be a great thing for Mrs. Medill, if we can train this child into a useful young woman."

"If you are not too tired to sit up to prayers, Biddy, you need not go to bed," said Mrs. James, when Lou was laid away in his crib to talk himself to sleep.

Biddy did not know what "sitting up to prayers" meant, but she was curious to find out, and was quite ready to sit up. She never went to bed early at home, and did not feel at all sleepy. She went out and sat on the door-step that led to the yard, and waited there till Abigail called her in.

Professor James read a short chapter, and then Biddy, watching every word and look, saw them all kneel down, with closed eyes. She did as the rest did, and when she went up to bed with Abigail, she said, —

"It's a fine thing to have your prayers said off for you when you're tired and sleepy. It is a great deal handier than my mother's way. She often gets to sleep saying hers."

"What a little heathen you are!" replied Abigail. "If you don't get right down on your knees, and say your prayers like a good girl, you sha'n't sleep with me, I can tell you. Do you suppose you're going to get off easy, and go to heaven just because we've had family worship?"

Biddy was nearly asleep, and a good deal puzzled, but seeing Abigail kneel down on her side of the bed, she knelt down at hers, where she soon forgot all her joys and all her troubles in a sound sleep. After a time, she was shaken till she was wide awake, by Abigail, when she was ready to go to bed, and could n't remember whether she had said her prayers or not. Poor little Biddy!

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CROWFOOT FAMILY.

"WHERE is Hepatica? What has become of Hepatica?" These were the cries which awakened Mrs. Crowfoot out of her long winter sleep, one morning early in April.

Now you must know that Mrs. Crowfoot dwelt underground with her family of boys and girls; and although Hepatica was quite young herself, still she was the eldest of the children, and a very helpful little flower to her mother.

She took much care of her brothers and sisters, watching over them when they lay in their little brown cradles; for Mrs. Crowfoot was obliged to put her babies in dark cribs and little dark dresses, because in her earthy home, white dresses, such as our babies wear, would be too easily soiled, and Hepatica must not have the additional labor of a large wash.

Imagine then the dismay of Mrs. Crowfoot,

who could scarcely believe that her useful daughter, Hepatica, was really gone. But such was the sad fact, as she soon discovered. At first all she could do was to bemoan the sad fate of her poor child, whom she had no doubt was carried off by that wicked fellow, the Wind, who was always coming round when nobody wanted to see him. Then she thought of herself, and how lonely she should be without her dear daughter, and how much more work she would have to do, what a care the little ones would be to her all the time, and it seemed as if she could n't bear it at all! So she began to shed a few gentle tears, when the whole troop of boys and girls made their appearance, with Columbine at their head. Now, although Columbine was a wee bit of a boy at that time, he was very bright and lively, and could never bear to have any one unhappy; so he stepped up to his mother, and said, "Mother, we've been thinking that we can't possibly do without Hepatica, and that we must do something about it. There is no doubt that she is gone; for there is the old gray dress she wore yesterday, torn apart, as if she had jumped out of it very suddenly, and there are all her other things. So it is plain she either went off in such a hurry that she could n't take any thing with her, or else she had thought enough about it to provide herself with new clothes. You may not think much of the advice of a small boy; but I am your eldest son, and must offer what I can. I propose that we should all set out in search of her." Here he paused to see the effect of this startling proposal. Many of his brothers and sisters were so very young, that it seemed almost impossible they could go, even if the older ones *should*; but still he thought some arrangement might be made for them, and being of an adventurous spirit, the prospect of a long journey pleased him.

As no one replied to his last remarks, Columbine proceeded to say, "I think we would each better take a separate route, start at once, and agree to meet at some particular place; and I am sure some one of us will have found her, or some trace of her, by that time."

At first Mrs. Crowfoot exclaimed, "Oh no! That will never do. I can't go and leave the babies, and I certainly cannot take all of them with me."

So they discussed what should be done, and finally came to the conclusion that the four oldest ones, Anemone, Meadow-rue, Columbine, and Larkspur, should go, according to Columbine's plan; and that Mrs. Crowfoot should stay

at home with the little ones till they grew bigger, and then they should all meet in a pretty place, which they had heard of, on the surface of the ground, called Cowslip meadow. So she kissed the little travellers, and told them to carry her love and forgiveness to Hepatica; and then they started in high spirits; for none of them had ever before been away from home, even to visit their cousins the Violets, who lived only a short distance off. After they had gone a little way, Meadow-rue declared she should be afraid to go all her journey alone, and wanted to stay with her sister Anemone. So it was decided that the two girls should keep together, and that the two boys, Columbine and Larkspur, should go separately. At the first large stone they parted, reminding each other of their promise to meet.

Anemone and Meadow-rue, hand-in-hand, walked off, chattering gayly to each other about the new things they saw, and what a nice time they would have when they found Hepatica and all the rest in the meadow. You know that Anemone and Meadow-rue are very delicate flowers, and by and by they began to find it rather hard work falling over stones, running into the roots of trees, and bruising their tender skins; so, after a while, thinking it must be night, they concluded to go to sleep, and be fresher to go on next day. While they rest, let us look after Columbine.

When he left his sisters and brother, he stepped gayly off, with his head full of beautiful fancies, feeling very contented with him-self and the world in general. Pretty soon he met a worm winding itself along through the earth, and thinking he might gain from it some news of his sister, he said, "Little Worm, have you seen Hepatica anywhere in your travels? We've lost her, and I am in search of her." But the worm answered, "No, she has not crossed my path." So Columbine thanked him, and said, "Oh well, I shall not be discouraged because I have not found her yet; I have only been out a little while." Away he trudged, talking to himself very happily all the time. Presently he came to a great beech-tree, and, cried he, "Mr. Beech, do you know where my sister Hepatica is? She is gone away, and I am trying to find her."

"Well," replied the tree, "I don't just know now, but I will ask all my twigs and branches, and perhaps some of them may have seen her." So the buds and the boughs had a meeting, which was conducted according to the strictest rules of tree etiquette. They all bent and bowed, and

waved, and courtesied to each other in the most polite manner. But all in their turn said they had not seen Hepatica; so the tree told Columbine, and advised him to ask information of the group of rocks to his right. Then Columbine started off again, feeling quite rested by his stay with the beech-tree, and when he came to the rocks, asked them the same question which he had put to the worm and the tree. The largest one answered, "Yes, we know where she is; she is growing over there by a beautiful brook; and if you want to find her, you had better come right up through this cleft between my brother and me, and then you will see her." Availing himself of the rock's counsel, he prepared to push up.

Meanwhile, Anemone and Meadow-rue were awaked from their nap by a strange, new sound, like nothing they had ever heard before. Finally, after they had wondered what it could be, Anemone exclaimed, "It must be a bird singing; such an one as mother heard when she was up in the fields."—"So it is," replied her sister; "let us try to find it." Away they went, always following where the music led, till they nearly reached the daylight; when suddenly Anemone remarked, "Sister, it will never do for us to appear in these old brown dresses which we have worn so long. We must have some new ones." While they considered the important subject, their dingy robes began to fall off, and lo! they were clothed in beautiful green garments, and found themselves growing larger and larger, and soon they grew right up into the beautiful sunshine. At first it rather blinded them, but when they could look about, they saw Hepatica grow-

ing modestly in the cleft of a rock, beside a merry, chattering brooklet, and blushing almost pink at the sweet song of the Oriole in the maple over her head; for he told her how much he loved her, and asked her to stay all summer, that he might see her till he flew away South in the fall. Hepatica saw them, and nodded her little lilac head in greeting. "How do you do, little sisters?" she said. "I am glad you have come." And then the three fell to talking about their adventures, and a hundred other things; and by and by Columbine appeared. But he, like his sisters, had thought it best to have a new dress; and his was bright scarlet and yellow; altogether, he looked so very gay, and had grown so much, that his relatives found it hard to believe it was really little Columbine. Then he commenced telling about his journey, and before he had finished, up came Mrs. Crowfoot with all the younger children; some before her, and some behind; just as our children go out with their mamas. So they had a grand meeting, and each told his or her story; and at last Columbine suggested that they should have a family party, to celebrate the joyous event of all being together again. They sent invitations to all their uncles and aunts and cousins, particularly the Violets; and all promised to come. The Wind whispered that he would be very gentle and mild that day; the Sun said he would make it warm; the Earth and the Rain agreed to furnish the refreshments. And with the pleasant prospect of such a pleasant party, we'll leave our little floral friends, happy as they are in finding their lost sister.

THE WISE FAIRY.

BY ALICE CARY.



ONCE, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree, —
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand, —
For she was the friend of the friendless.
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
 Patiently, day by day,
 Spinning, spinning, and spinning
 Their lonesome lives away,
 She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
 A lump of gold, they say.



And when she saw poor ditchers,
 Knee-deep in some wet dike,
 Digging, digging, and digging
 To their very graves, belike,
 She would hide a shining lump of gold
 Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children
 Their goats from the pastures take,
 Or saw them milking and milking,
 Till their arms were ready to break,
 What a plashing in their milking-pails
 Her gifts of gold would make!



Sometimes in the night, a fisher
 Would hear her sweet low call,

And all at once a salmon of gold
 Right out of his net would fall;
 But what I have to tell you
 Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
 Or child, or spinner old,
 Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
 Or a coat to keep from the cold,
 The gift of the good old fairy
 Was always trusty gold.



But if a ditcher, or fisher,
 Or spinner, or child so gay,
 Bought jewels or wine, or silks so fine,
 Or staked his treasure at play,
 The fairy's gold in his very hold
 Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people
 Got open their stupid eyes:
 "We must learn to spend to some good end,"
 They said, "if we are wise;
 'T is not in the gold we waste, or hold,
 That a golden blessing lies."

BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

VERY early on Tuesday morning Bessie and Johnny came knocking at my bed-room door.

"O Aunt Lizzie," they cried, reproachfully, "it's snowing."

I was so sleepy that I called out, in as animated a tone as I could command, —

"Is it? That's a good child: go to bed."

"Now, Aunt Lizzie," Bessie shouted again, — this time with a dismal accompaniment by Johnny's boots, — "*do* wake up; we can't have any birthday, — it's snowing!"

"Yes, snowin' like every thing," chimed in Johnny, working the door-knob; "and it melts just as fast as it comes down, so there won't be no coasting, nor nothin'. I ain't going to do any thing."

This last was Johnny's favorite speech whenever he felt desperate. I was wide awake at last, and sent forth a mournful, —

"O children, how *could* you disturb poor Aunt Lizzie so early, just because it was snowing!"

"Why, it's breakfast-time, or *most* breakfast-time — is n't it, Johnny?" said Bessie, somewhat subdued.

The young gentleman was silent for an instant, and then replied with a sulky, —

"I dunnow; there ain't nobody in the dining-room, — nothin' but plates. We won't never have breakfast, I guess."

"Well, go away now, and be good children until I come down. Hark! Uncle Robert's calling."

"Where is the little girl," cried a deep voice, "who is to have eleven kisses and eleven whippings this morning?"

First a scampering, then laughter, and a succession of quick little screams, as I heard all three rushing down the long hall.

"No more trouble in that quarter," thought I, as I hurriedly began to dress. "Uncle Robert always makes them happy."

Poor children! They are orphans. Their father and mother both died of a fever when Bessie was two years old, and Johnny was only a little baby. He had never once been rocked to sleep in his mother's arms! But Uncle Robert and I (he is my brother, but I call him "Uncle" because the children do) — Uncle Robert and I try to be father and mother to them as well as we can; but the fun of it is, *he* says I spoil them with kindness; while *I* know

very well that *he* is far too indulgent for their good.

I had an important reason for being downstairs early on that morning. There were a few things locked up in the dining-room pantry, that had to be brought forth slyly, and arranged in their proper places; and Johnny as slyly had to run up-stairs and bring Something down, before Kitty was allowed to open the door and ring the breakfast-bell.

Yes, every thing was all right at last, and just as pretty as it could be. I could n't help turning to admire the table before I ran out to clasp Bessie in my arms, and overwhelm her with eleven birthday kisses. What a difference the flowers made! They brightened every thing. Even the butter-dish was pretty, with an evergreen wreath lying round it; (the cow on its silver lid must have liked that!) The eleven pink eggs, each marked with a B, made a perfect picture. So did eleven tiny oranges, in their bed of glossy green; but the eleven rose-buds in a vase of moss, were the prettiest of all.

The children laughed with delight, — at least, Johnny did. Bessie just threw a bright glance over the table, and, looking both pleased and confused, began to untie a little parcel that lay on her plate.

"Ha, ha!" shouted the now exuberant Johnny. "That's from *me*; open it quick! I should n't wonder if it was a paint-box!"

"So it is a paint-box," said Bessie with a happy smile, as she opened the parcel. "Thank you, Johnny. I've needed one ever so much; and — Oh! what's this?" hastening to untie parcel number two.

Johnny spoke up again, —

"I know! It's from Uncle Robert and Aunt Lizzie both together. Oh, you can't ever guess! Take care; you'll break it!"

"Gently, Bess!" warned Uncle Robert (for she was now trying to pull the knot apart by main force). "'Waste not, want not,' you know. That's a good piece of string."

"It's *two* good pieces now," cried Bessie, triumphantly, after making dexterous use of her breakfast-knife. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Is n't that too lovely for any thing? Thank you, dear Uncle Robert and Aunt Lizzie. Oh, I'm so delighted; and I've been wanting a jet necklace like this so awful bad!" —

"BESSIE dear!"

"So very much, I mean. Oh, it is sweet"—
 "Sweet!" echoed Johnny, catching the spirit of criticism. "Ho, ho! If it's sweet, let's taste it;" and, suiting the action to the word, he smacked his lips, and eagerly reached forth his hand.

Poor Johnny! and poor China mug!

There lay one upon the floor, shattered to fragments by the force of that unlucky gesture! There sat the other, staring at me, a sudden solemnity in his startled eyes, and the laugh at Bessie rapidly sliding off at the corners of his mouth.

"O Johnny, Johnny, your beautiful China cup!" she exclaimed sorrowfully.

"It was n't my fault," he retorted. "What did you say that old black thing tasted sweet for?"

Bessie laughed now.

"O Johnny, I did n't say *that*. Did I, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Not quite, dear."

Johnny, half pouting, half smiling, slid from his chair, and began to pick up the pieces. "I know she did n't; but—five, six, seven,—why, is n't that funny?" he cried; "eight, nine, ten, eleven. Why, it's broke into just eleven pieces. That's for Bessie's birthday!"

"Yes, and there's another piece just behind your boot; that's for good measure," said Uncle Robert in his funny way.

"So there is; then there ain't eleven, after all. But I'm sorry for breaking the cup, Aunt Lizzie. I forgot to say that before."

"Never mind, Johnny; accidents will happen sometimes. Ar'n't you sorry, too, that you blamed Bessie for it?"

"Yes 'um," answered Johnny, looking rather ashamed, as he took his seat again.

Meantime Uncle Robert had been casting expressive glances at the coffee-urn.

"Why, here's something under my plate!" exclaimed Bessie, drawing forth an envelope. "It's a letter."

Uncle Robert chuckled.

"Read it out, Bess. It's written as plain as print, I'll warrant. Read it out while your aunt serves the coffee; and, ahem! please, Miss Lizzie, don't put eleven lumps of sugar in my cup in honor of the occasion."

So, while I poured the coffee, Bessie opened her letter, and read these lines, in a clear, pleasant voice:—

TO BESSIE.

Feb. 2, 186—

Bessie's Birthday—very queer!
 Comes to her but once a year;
 Comes when Winter snows are falling,
 Comes when Ocean winds are squalling,
 Comes when Nature's quite appalling,—
 Every thing so cold and drear.

Bessie's Birthday—stranger still!
 Has to climb to her up hill;
 For the maiden is so knowing,
 That she spends her time in growing,
 Every year some change is showing,—
 Growing head, and heart, and will.

Bessie's Birthday—it is clear—
 Likes to meet her every year;
 Likes to follow Bessie's scorning.
 So, with fairest flowers adorning
 All the home, we give it cheer.
 And with prayer and watchful loving,
 Though the little maid keep moving,
 And the time be cold and drear,
 Sure as comes the Birthday morn'ing,
 We shall try to have her here.

Just as our little girl finished the last line, a bright beam of sunlight stole in between the curtains, and rested upon her head, making it look more like gold than ever. Uncle Robert and I exchanged happy glances.

"Hollo!" cried Johnny. "If it tain't clearin' off! And now can't we all have as many eggs as we want? Hi! The old hen would n't know 'em,—would she, Aunt Lizzie?"

Before three o'clock that afternoon, Mike had driven off, in the big wagon filled with straw, "to get a load of childer," as he expressed it. Master Johnny sat beside him, muffled up to the chin, deciding whether he ought to "pull the girls in" or not, and wondering whether he could help being pulled out himself instead, in case he should try it.

All were in at last; Hal and Dory Green, Rodney Smith (he had gallantly pushed Lulu Roberts with all his strength, while Johnny as gallantly "pulled"), John Whimple, little Kitty Scott, Lulu of course, Eddie Wiggle and his sister May, Davy T. dles, and another little boy with a cold in his head.

"Go aisy, now," said Mike, catching up the reins for a final start, "and all kape yer fate inside. Arrah, don't be puttin' yer legs onto them spokes, buys, er its whisked off they'll be 'fore yez can holler."

What a funny drive that was! How they sang songs, and did n't sing songs! How they sat still, and did n't sit still! How Mike scolded the "craytures," and laughed to himself! How

Pompey, our curly little dog, ran alongside, barking at such a rate, that he seemed like a sort of animated unmusical-box, kept going by means of a self-acting, rotary tail! How the girls laughed, and gave little screams when the wagon bumped over rough places; and, finally, how they all tumbled themselves out before our door, helter-skelter, beginning to take off their "things" before they had fairly crossed the threshold! Altogether, what a happy, frolicking time they had up to the very moment when I commenced playing the "Wedding March" upon the piano, so that the grand procession might advance in style toward that fragrant realm of delight — the dining-room. Then it was that the knightly chivalry of the boys shone forth; then that the girls grew quiet and demure; and then that the jellies trembled, for they knew that their time had come.

When the children returned to the parlor, the white sheet was greeted with "long and enthusiastic applause." Yes, there it hung, looking quite bright in the darkened room, just the same as on that happy evening when "kaleidoscopes and burglars" made them feel that, thenceforth, a foldless white curtain must be their banner of enjoyment.

"I wonder what they're going to do," said Lulu Roberts to Rodney Smith.

"Going to have 'Burglars' again," replied Master Rodney in an awful whisper; "take care! You'll hear a pistol go off in a moment!" "Shall we?" said Lulu drawing closer to Rodney, and putting her hands to her ears; "oh, dear!"

A voice from behind the curtain was heard, — "Children! you are now to see a shadow-charade. There will be three scenes, to represent different parts, — and a fourth scene for the whole charade. We shall not be able to divide it exactly into syllables, but you all can guess it easily enough if you try."

The audience gazed with breathless interest as a shuffling boy, with a torn hat in his hand, made his appearance; [no, not a boy, but a black likeness of a boy. Let me say here that as this kind of charade is performed entirely by means of shadows, thrown upon a wide hanging sheet, every actor and object I may mention in the course of my description were merely shadows.]

SCENE FIRST.

The boy walked slowly up and down, fumbling with something that lay in the crown of his hat. Then he took out a handful, letting it rain down

into the crown again through his fingers. They seemed to be berries, or pease, or something of that kind. He scratched his head thoughtfully, evidently puzzled to decide what to do with them. Presently a woman in a ruffled cap rushed in sight; and, as soon as she looked into the tattered hat, boxed the boy's ears violently, and, snatching it from him, angrily emptied its contents upon the ground. Then shaking the poor fellow again and again, she ordered him to "be off to bed." As he went away, sobbing and rubbing his eyes with his fists, followed by the woman, she, too, began to sob — and disappeared, exclaiming, "Ah, what shall I do! Did ever woman before have such a stupid, stupid son!"

The children scarcely had time to exchange a word when something started up in the place where the berries or pease (or whatever they were) had been thrown. It was a little plant — a very little plant, but it soon began to grow! Yes, it certainly was growing before their very eyes! Broader — higher — higher — higher! until its branching top was out of sight. A warm, rosy light played about it, and just then a cock was heard to crow.

"It's morning!" exclaimed one of the children, "and there's the boy again. He did n't have a very long night anyhow."

The "stupid son" seemed at first to be walking in his sleep; but he halted at sight of the vine, and raised his hands in great astonishment. He bent his head as far back as he could, as if making a vain attempt to see the top of the wonderful growth — then gave a sudden start and began to climb it. An instant, and he had disappeared among the branches. A distant voice was heard calling out, "Good by, Mother!" — and all was darkness.

"I know what that was!" cried Lulu Roberts.

"So do I!" shouted Rodney; "I know the first syllable!"

"I dote," said the little boy with a cold in his head, "unless it was clibe."

"Well — *who* climbed? and what did the mother plant?" rejoined Lulu's exultant voice. "I know just as well as any thing what it was."

"O! I do, too, *dow*," said the other; "of course I do — she platted beads."

Here a rude little fellow broke in with an indignant, —

"She did n't plant beads, neither!"

"I didded say she platted beads!" retorted the boy with a cold in his head.

The sheet grew light again.

SCENE SECOND

disclosed a little man with long side-whiskers and a walking-stick standing beside a giant.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" said the little man in a funny squeak, "I have the honor of introducing to you one of the greatest living curiosities of the day. But we will allow him to speak for himself. What is your name, sir?"

"Master Donn Mammoth!" roared the giant.

"How old are you, sir?"

"Sixteen years, three months, and five days, and" —

"That will do, sir. And where were you born, sir?"

"Ten miles south of Louisville, Kentucky," thundered the giant.

"And how much do you weigh, sir?"

"Five thousand, two hundred, and sixty-five pounds!"

"Very well, sir. Now, sir, if you will show the ladies and gentlemen some of your sword tricks, we shall be much obliged. Here is the weapon, sir."

Master Donn rubbed the sword for a moment, then held it up in full view.

"Grow small!" he commanded.

Instantly it began to diminish until it looked more like a dagger than a sword.

"Grow big!"

It obeyed.

"Bigger!" roared Master Donn, as if in a rage.

It was twice its original size in a twinkling.

"Oh, oh!" cried the audience. "What a monstrous big sword!"

Then what do you think the giant did? He sat down upon the floor, and, throwing back his head, opened his prodigious mouth, and began deliberately to *swallow the sword*! There was no mistake about it. Down, down his throat went the long blade, until, at last, the hilt touched his lips; then, as slowly, it was drawn forth again, to its entire length. All this time Master Donn twitched and gasped fearfully. Then after giving a tremendous cough that made all the girls start, he stabbed himself three or four times in the breast until the blade came through at his back, and then he went out — or rather the light did.

For some moments there was such an excitement in the audience after this exciting scene that one could scarcely catch a word that was said. As nearly as I could surmise, half of the party firmly avowed that he *did* swallow the

sword, and that it *did* go "right straight through him;" and the other half as stoutly insisted that "he *could* n't have done it possibly, so it *must* have been just a trick."

"But this is not guessing the word," I suggested at last, raising my voice to suit the occasion.

"Oh neither it is n't," said Miss Lulu, thoughtfully. "What *do* you think it is, Rodney?"

"Sword," answered that young gentleman promptly.

"But that don't make any thing with the first scene," insisted Lulu. "Bean-sword — Jack-sword — stalk-sword, — there is n't any word commencing *that* way."

"Maybe there is," was Rodney's profound reply. He had just been promoted to "McGuffey's Second Reader," and had reason to suspect that there was no limit to the possibilities of the English language.

"I don't see how it *can* be 'sword,'" persisted Lulu; "perhaps it was trick, or stab, or swallow, or" —

"'Swallow' is n't a syllable," suggested the learned Rodney.

"Oh, no — no more it is n't. But you know they said it would n't be given in exact syllables — hark!"

SCENE THIRD.

The barking of a dog was heard; then a howl and a growl. Other dogs began to bark, until it became a perfect din of mastiffs, dogs, and puppies — growling, snarling, barking, yelping in the most alarming manner. Soon a voice from above was heard calling, "Any body down there? These dogs must be disposed of, and there's no water to drown 'em in."

"I'm here," answered a man in a slouched hat, coming in sight at that moment. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, and he carried a long knife in his hand. "I'm here. Pitch 'em in — one at a time!"

It was a shocking sight. Dogs of every degree — big, little, limp, kicking; some barking and growling, some whining piteously — were thrown in, one by one; and the man with a big knife caught the poor things in his arms, hastily stabbed them through, and tossed them away. At last one dog came who was particularly unmanageable. He struggled so hard that the sheet fairly trembled; and he barked as though he really would bark himself into pieces.

"Oh, o-oh!" screeched Johnny, from the audience. "That's Pompey! Don't kill Pompey!"

Ah, ough! I *wasn't* have Pompey killed!" But he spoke too late. Already the dreadful knife had been thrust several times through that faithful animal; and though somehow it did *not* stop his barking, he, too, was thrown after his murdered brethren.

At this Johnny went off into such a fit of howling and crying, that the man with the knife made his escape, and Bessie was heard calling from behind the sheet, —

"Don't cry, Johnny! Pompey's all right. Call him, Johnny!"

"H—he—here, P—Pompey, Pompey!" sobbed Johnny.

Pompey needed no second invitation. The children laughed to see a shadow-tail wagging on the sheet, while its flesh-and-blood owner was frantically pressing its way out from under it.

For a few moments Pompey was quite a lion. Every one wished to pat the noble creature who had passed through such a frightful adventure. As soon, however, as they ceased petting him, and he became dog again, he cast a reproachful look toward the sheet and slunk away — a broken-spirited, tailless creature — under the sofa.

"Of course that syllable was 'dog,'" said a big girl, who wore a necklace something like Bessie's, "because there was nothing else in the scene."

"It might have been *burder*," suggested somebody eagerly.

"Yes, or dog-killer," said some one else.

Rodney and Lulu were deep in a discussion concerning the nature of the dog-music they had heard. Rodney had declared that he could "bark better than some of that barking" himself, and Lulu had said gently, "O Rodney, I guess not;" when the parlor became dark, and the invisible Uncle Robert was heard to call out, "Now for

THE LAST SCENE."

The sheet was not lighted yet; but the attention of the children was at once attracted by hearing a sound very like heavy snoring. Suddenly came the clear, quick notes of a horn, then loud muttering, and an angry, —

"How now? Ah, you saucy villain! you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest. I will broil you for my breakfast!" With these words came a heavy tread; then a crash and the sound of some heavy body falling, and the curtain grew light.

What was that low down, at the centre of the curtain? It was a prodigious head, with hair sticking out straight, a great hooked nose, and a

wide-open mouth, armed with teeth that looked as if they could bite a horse in two.

In came a jaunty figure in a helmet. A sword and a hunting horn swung at his side, and in his hands he bore a pickaxe.

"Oho, Mr. Giant!" he said, bending over the hideous head, "have you found your way so soon to the bottom? How is your appetite now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast this morning but broiling poor me?"

With these words came a succession of blows from the pickaxe right on the monster's skull.

"Jack-the-Giant-Killer! Jack-the-Giant-Killer!" cried the audience, with clappings and cheers and laughter: "Jack-the-Giant-Killer! How d'ye do, Mr. Jack? How d'ye do, Mr. Giant?"

But the Giant was gone, and so was Jack. Aunt Sophie, who had come from New York on purpose to help us, had blown out the candle, and now she was saying softly to Uncle Robert, "Do hear them! I'm afraid we made it a little too plain."

"Nonsense!" replied Uncle Robert, cheerily. "We wished the youngsters to guess it, and they have guessed it."

"Thank you, Uncle Robert," cried one of the children, "for giving us such a splendid charade; and we thank Miss Lizzie too!" This brought forth renewed clapping and cheering; and Lulu called out, "Yes, and we thank the dogs, and the giant, and every body! Now Rodney," she continued in a lower tone, "don't you see that second scene could *not* have been sword? It must have been 'The Giant.' Don't you see? First, 'JACK;' then, 'THE GIANT;' then — then — I don't exactly see how they made 'Killer.'"

"Don't you?" said Rodney of McGuffy; "why that's the plainest of all — Killer; one who kills. Didn't he kill the dogs, I'd like to know?" Lulu looked puzzled.

"Oh yes, Rodney, I know he killed the dogs; but, then, 'Killer' don't seem to me like a regular word — that's all."

"It's regular enough for a charade, anyhow," was Rodney's final argument, as he turned to join a group that had assembled in the corner to see Pompey stand on his hind legs.

And now, while some of the children are playing with that curly little namesake of the great Roman, and others are recounting the delights of the Shadow-charade, we will step behind the curtain and find out how the thing was done.

In the first place, as you already know, the

parlor is darkened, and a large white sheet is stretched across a wide archway leading into another room. This leaves plenty of space behind the sheet for the actors to move about in. When they wish their shadows to be seen by the spectators, they have only to place a lighted candle upon the floor and stand between it and the sheet. By going behind the light, or placing it between them and the audience, they of course cast no shadow on the sheet, and therefore can be invisible at will. The effect of climbing up out of sight is produced simply by crouching close to the sheet at first, then moving the arms and legs as if in the act of climbing, and suddenly turning and stepping quickly over the candle, which must stand on the floor about ten feet back, opposite the middle of the curtain. In this way Jack sprang out of sight on his Bean-stalk.

This bean-vine was a small affair cut out of pasteboard, blackened at the edges, representing a branching vine, with its leaves and bean-pods. It was fastened upon a small flat piece of wood, placed close to the sheet, and was so arranged that it would bend over the wood until a loop, which held it down, was closed, and then it would stand upright throwing its shadow upon the sheet. Jack kneeling at the side, out of view, managed to loosen this loop by pushing it, with a stick, off of the little peg that held it; and as soon as he had done this, Bessie, sitting on the floor just behind the candle, began to pull the board slowly towards her by means of a string. This gradually increased the size of the shadow, and so the little vine appeared to grow rapidly larger and larger. As the shadow shows equally plainly on each side of the sheet, Bessie could watch it, and as soon as the increase in size made it less distinct, she held a small hand-glass close behind the light, thus making the shadow more intense. The rosy dawn was made by sprinkling a little nitrate of strontian on a few live coals, and Uncle Robert kindly attended to the crowing. Jack in climbing was careful to keep close to the sheet, so as to make himself look as small as possible; and after he had stepped over the candle (lifting his feet very high in the act) he ran, still keeping behind it, and mounted a step-ladder at the side of the curtain, out of sight, and called down in a faint high key, "Good by, Mother!"

Master Donn and his showman were made by standing two boys in front of the candle, one close to the sheet, the other near the light, and by means of a small piece of looking-glass, throwing the light stronger on the giant. It was easy

to make the boy-shadow look like a man's. By pinning a towel around his jacket and letting it hang, a stylish frock-coat was produced; and the side whiskers were only big bunches of curled papers tied on. The sword tricks were very simple. By opening the mouth wide and passing the sword slowly past its corner, letting the end of the blade point in the direction of the throat, the illusion of swallowing the weapon is complete. The effect of stabbing is produced by merely thrusting the sword past the side of the body; and to make the sword grow large, first hold it erect, point upwards, then gradually move it nearer to the candle, *inclining* the point backward, toward the light. To make it smaller, of course the process is exactly reversed; but the giant has to stretch his arm forward without moving his body too much or he will be a giant no more. Sometimes it will be found necessary to place the light on a bench or chair; sometimes to move it nearer to the sheet, and otherwise change its position; but all these matters, especially in connection with climbing, etc., are soon settled by a little practice.

As for the dogs: Some of them were nothing but pasteboard cut in rough resemblance to a kicking animal, with the legs hung loosely. Mike had borrowed a live poodle and a "black-and-tan" from our next door neighbor; and these, with our unwilling Pompey, made quite an assortment, especially as each dog, though used over and over again, would always, in the excitement of the moment, strike a new attitude, and so give a different shadow every time. Uncle Robert and Mike helped with the yelping and barking; but, to do the poor quadrupeds justice, very little assistance in that line was required.

As for the Jack-the-Giant-Killer scene: to make a long story shorter, Jack's helmet was of paper; his sword and pickaxe were of pasteboard; and, most marvelous of all, the Giant's head was also of pasteboard — yes, just cut out of flat pasteboard, but it cast as good a shadow, you know, as if it had been round. It was fastened upright upon a block of wood, and the block was fringed with paper, so as to look like sticks and grass. And as for the crash made by the giant's supposed tumble into the pit, Biddy and Mike did that so wonderfully (with the aid of Mike's weight and a broken kitchen chair, a scuttleful of coals, and a tin pan, all acting together) that, frightened at their success, they rushed off to the kitchen, and were not heard from again until it was time to send the children home.



PINS.

CHILDREN! what becomes of the pins
That are put in the cushion each day?
They vanish away before evening comes,
Or you are half tired of play.

I will tell you a secret revealed to me,
As I lay dreaming one night,
By a queer little sprite who perched by my ear,
And showed me a curious sight.

Invisible elves who watch for the pins,
In each corner and crevice hide;
They seize those that fall, with joy and delight,
And mount on the pins astride.

They ride till they come to Fairy Land,
Where elves are waiting to take
The pins that are lost, and crooked, and bent,
And wonderful changes make.

They turn them to minims and musical notes,
Giving to each a sound!
Then away the elves fly to your music books,
Where melodies sweet are found.

Do you see the little black heads in a row
Where your music lesson begins?
Before they were carried to Fairy Land,
The notes were rows of pins!

The elves have secured them behind the bars
Arranged for piano or harp;
The broken and bent are now made flat,
The other pins still remain sharp!

SAILORS' SONGS.

BREATHES there a boy with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "I'd like to go to sea?" Probably not.

There she sails, — the good ship *Queen of the Sea*, — her canvas filled with the breeze, her brilliant colors flying, her tapering masts leaning jauntily over from the wind, outward bound. Before she furls her sails in port at home again, she will course the sea which Virgil's hero sailed upon, or follow their track who sought the Golden Fleece; she will flirt her pennant 'mid the perfumed airs that blow from off the coast of Ind and Araby; or, it may be, she will dare the danger of dread Northern Seas, and slip past pinnacles of ice within the mystic Arctic Circle. Oh for a berth with her hardy, hearty crew! and Ah for "A life on the ocean wave!"

Hardship? Of course! That will be part of the "fun" of it! Who wants to be cuddled and coddled at home, with the girls? There, where the breezes blow appetites, "salt junk" will need no "mushroom sauce," and "hard tack" no Orange County butter. A boy that's all the time thinking about pound-cake and plum-pudding, should stay at home and marry a pastry-cook. A fellow don't go to sea expecting to feed well; but just remember — will you? — the oranges and pine-apples, the yams and bananas and bread-fruit, the dates and figs and pomegranates, the sugar and spice, and every thing nice, to be had in foreign ports for the asking.

Come boys, lend a hand here! Man the capstan-bars! Give us a song now! Old Dave is our "chanty-man." * Tune up, David!

"O Shannydore,† I long to hear you!
Chorus. — Away, you rollin' river!

O Shannydore, I long to hear you!
Full Chorus. — Ah ha! I'm bound a-way
On the wild Atlantic!

"Oh a Yankee ship came down the river:
Away, you rollin' river!
An' who do you think was skipper of her?
Ah ha! I'm bound a-way
On the wild Atlantic!

"Oh Jim-along-Joe was skipper of her:
Away, you rollin' river!
Oh Jim-along-Joe was skipper of her:
Ah ha! I'm bound a-way
On the wild Atlantic!

* *Chanter* (French), to sing. The words of the songs given here were taken from the lips of a veritable "old Dave" during the writer's recent voyage across the Atlantic.

† Shenandoah.

"An' what do you think she had for cargo?
Away, you rollin' river!
She had rum and sugar, an' monkeys' liver:
Ah ha! I'm bound a-way
On the wild Atlantic!

"Then seven year I courted Sally:
Away, you rollin' river!
An' seven more I could not get her:
Ah ha! I'm bound a-way
On the wild Atlantic!

"Because I was a tarry sailor, —
Away, you rollin' river!
For I loved rum, and chewed terbaccy:
Ah ha! I'm bound a-way
On the wild Atlantic!"

Dave is familiar with the songs of all nations, for he has sailed over all seas, and h'isted anchor in many ports. Perhaps he will "chanty" a favorite English capstan-song: —

"As I walked out one mornin',
Down by the Clarence Dock, —
Chorus. — Heave away, my Johnny, heave away!
'T was there I met an Irish girl,
Conversin' with Tapscott.

Full Chorus. — An' away, my Johnny boy, we're all bound to go!

"Good mornin' to yer, Tapscott;
Good mornin', sir,' she said:
Heave away, &c.
An' Tapscott he was that perlite,
He smiled an' bowed his head.
An' away, my Johnny boy, &c.

"O have yer got a ship,' she said, —
'A sailin' ship,' said she, —
Heave away, &c.
'To carry me, and Dadda here,
Across the ragin' sea?'
An' away, my Johnny boy, &c.

"Oh yes, I got a packet ship,
Her name's the *Henry Clay*, —
Heave away, &c.
'She's layin' down to the Waterloo Dock,
Bound to Amerikay.'
An' away, my Johnny boy, &c.

"Then I took out my han'kerchief
An' wiped away a tear, —
Heave away, &c.
An' the lass was that she said to me,
So, fare ye well, my dear!
An' away, my Johnny boy, &c.

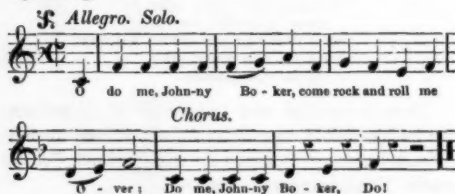
"Some times I'm bound to Africa,
Some times I'm bound to France, —
Heave away, &c.
But now I'm bound to Liverpool,
To give them girls a chance:
An' away, my Johnny boy, we're all bound to go!"

Hear the Captain, now! The "old man" has a voice like a buffalo; no need of a speaking-trumpet for him, —

"Look alive there, men! Square them yards!"
 "Ay, ay, sir!"
 Short work, this, and soon over. Now comes
 the word, —

"H'ist t'gallant sails!"
 "Av, ay, sir! T'gallant sails it is!"
 "Give us a song, men! Start up 'Johnny
 Boker!'"

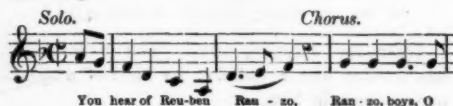
And so "Dave," the favorite "chanty-man,"
 in a rough, yet musical voice, and with that trem-
 ulous quaver which expresses his idea of effective
 style, begins: —



"O do me, Johnny Boker, come pull and haul together!"
Chorus. — Do me, Johnny Boker, Do!
 "O do me, Johnny Boker, I long to hear you holler!"
Chorus. — Do me, Johnny Boker, Do!
 "O do me, Johnny Boker, the wind is blowin' bravely!"
Chorus. — Do me, Johnny Boker, Do!
 "O do me, Johnny Boker, the girls are waitin' for us!"
Chorus. — Do me, Johnny Boker, Do!

That's enough to get a top-sail up; but if
 more lines are needed, Dave can make them up
 easily as he goes along. And it should be said
 here that while the tunes and many of the rhymes
 of these veritable songs of the sea are every-
 where known and used, the words themselves are
 not everywhere the same. Sailors are not at all
 deficient in a certain sort of poetical ability, and
 some quick-witted "Dave" is always ready to
 improvise a jovial sentiment and jingle in a
 new rhyme to an old metre. So it may hap-
 pen that the songs here recorded are, at some
 points, unfamiliar to nautical critics: their own
 versions, let them consider, might be unfamiliar
 to others.

Dave's favorite song, I think, is "Reuben
 Ranzo." It is slightly pathetic in character:
 Reuben's experience was certainly a sad one; and
 the music — if only it be rendered with "trem-
 olo" effect — will be found admirably suited to
 the melancholy tale it tells. Pathos spells itself
 with a *b*, however, when a hoarse and hearty son
 of Neptune attempts the sentimental. Here is
 the song: —



Ran-zo! You hear of Reuben Ranzo, Ranzo, boys, O Ran - zo.

"O Reuben was no sailor,
 Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!
 O Reuben was no sailor,
 Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!"

The song goes on now to narrate, with con-
 tinued repetition, and the continual interruption
 of the chorus, that —

"He shipped on board a whaler —
 He could not do his duty:
 They took poor Reuben Ranzo —
 They took him to the gangway —
 They lashed him to the mainmast —
 They give him five an' fifty:
 I pity Reuben Ranzo.
 Our Captain bein' a good man,
 He took poor Reuben Ranzo;
 He took him in the cabin,
 An' give him wine and water."

By this time, usually, the mainsail is up, and the
 song concludes itself; but it sometimes happens
 that the huge sail lingers on its way, and more
 "chanty" is needed, in which case the song "suf-
 fers a sea-change." The unexpected, the sur-
 prising climax follows, —

"He kissed the Captain's daughter!
 Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!
 He married the Captain's daughter!
 Ranzo, boys, O Ranzo!"

Up goes the sail, with the heartiest accent and
 emphasis on the penultimate of the final "Ranzo,"
 and Dave receives, perhaps, a complimentary slap
 on the back from some musical mate, — a slap so
 hearty that, were you in Dave's place, my young
 friend, it would knock seven-eighths of the breath
 out of your body.

There was one person — only one — among
 the score or more hoisting this sail, that did not
 sing melodiously; in whom the career of R.
 Ranzo excited no particular interest. This was
 "Hard Times," — called "Times" for shortness,
 — the ship's dog. Never is sheet hauled within
 sight or hearing of "Times," the "bight" of
 which he does not seize between what is left to
 him of teeth, and pull and haul and jerk upon
 with all his canine might. He is sometimes in
 the way; not seldom he gets a kick; but he evi-
 dently thinks it his duty to lend a jaw, and pull
 he will. His ears have been cropped so closely to
 his head that one would say he could not have
 any kind of an ear for music; his tail has been
 bobbed so often, and so nearly to his body, that he
 could not possibly keep time, by any perceptible

waggle, to the simplest tune; but old as he is, and scarred and marred and mutilated, let Dave start "Reuben Ranzo," and "Times" will start from his kennel and seize whatever of fag-end there is of the rope, and howl and haul furiously.

"The Riverside" is not a sea-side magazine, and so its editor will refuse space, I fear, to other sailors' songs I might quote for the Johnny boys among his readers, — such, for example, as "Blow, my bully boys, blow!" — "A hundred years ago," — "Paddy on the railway," — "Leave 'er, Johnny, leave 'er!" — and "Knock-

ing a Dutchman down." You would enjoy reading them, perhaps; you would certainly enjoy hearing them sung. But take the hearty advice of an old traveller and don't "go to sea," for the sake of the songs to be heard; for old Boréas has a way of piping up a tune, sometimes, which is n't so pleasant to hear, — when the stormy winds do blow, — when the sails are stiff with ice, and the ropes are like bars of iron, — when the great waves dash over the deck, and even the *Queen of the Sea* is the plaything of the terrible, terrible storm!

THE BOOK "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

[See the Frontispiece by Thomas Nast.]

ALL the boys who read the "Riverside Magazine" have read "Robinson Crusoe." Most of the girls have. The girls do not like it so well as the boys, because they are afraid of the "Savages," and do not like the idea of roasting people and eating them; so they have to skip some of the parts of the book which are most entertaining to their brothers. Still, most of the girls read it, and, as I said, all the boys do. And enterprising girls and boys generally have some opportunity for playing Robinson and Friday, on some desert island, in the pasture, or in the pond, — or in the midst of the hills, — separated from the rest of the world, for the convenience of hut-building, but still not so wholly insulated but one can go to dinner when the bell rings.

For my part, I read "Robinson Crusoe" through about once a year, and as I first read it when I was eight years old, and as I am now well-nigh a hundred and eleven, you can judge how much enjoyment I have had from it. I read it, as I hope you do, in the full, unabridged, undiluted, original edition. If you have never read that, dear boys and girls, you hardly can judge of the real "Robinson Crusoe." Just now there is a good chance to get the real article, for a very pretty edition has been printed in England by Macmillan, from the original text, edited very carefully by Mr. Clark, a Fellow of Trinity College.

You can tell whether you have got the true book, by looking at the beginning and the end. It should begin (do I not know the words by heart?): —

"I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good Family, though not of that Country, my Father being a Foreigner of Bremen who settled first at Hull." And it should end: —

"And here, resolving to harass myself no more, I am preparing for a longer Journey than all these, having lived 72 Years, a life of Infinite Variety, and

learned sufficiently to know the Value of Retirement and the Blessing of ending our Days in Peace."

You know Daniel Defoe was the author of "Robinson Crusoe." Before he died, it had been translated into I know not how many languages. Here is an Italian copy, which I picked up in Rome itself, which was printed in 1731, before Defoe died. Would not some of the girls like to pick out the words of that closing sentence which I copied just above. Here it is, as it had been translated from the French translation of the original English: —

"Mi trovo di presente nella mia patria risoluto di non più stancarmi in cercar Avventure per il Mondo, essendo già tempo che mi prepari ad un viaggio più lungo di tutti quelli, che ho descritto nel corso d'una vita di 72 anni, ed in tanta varietà di rivoluzioni ho bastantemente imparato a conoscere il pregio del ritiro, e l'inestimabile felicità, che un uomo savio debba trovare nel finire i suoi giorni in pace."

When I was at Mr. Dowe's school, behind St. Paul's Church, we used to study our Latin in a Latin translation of "Robinson Crusoe." I am sorry to say it was a translation made from one of the hocussed or "improved" Robinsons, of which I will tell more. Here is the account of his finding the bones left by the savages when they had feasted: —

"Videt nimirum fossam rotundam, atque in medio ignis extincti focum. Quem circa horresco referens, execrandas reliquias convivii a quo natura abhorret."

The English in Defoe is: "Nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my mind, at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies; and particularly I observed a place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, like a cockpit, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their inhuman feastings upon the bodies of their fellow-creatures."

If the boys find this Latin too easy, they may like to try the modern Greek:—

"Εγεννήθην κατὰ τὸ 1632 ἔτος εἰς τὴν πόλιν Ὑόρκην, ἔθθα ὁ πατήρ μου (ὅστις ἦτον ἔμπορος ἀλλοτρε εἰς το Χούλλων) εἶχεν ἀποσυρθῆναι." Literally this means. "I was born in the year 1632 in the city York, whither my father, who had been at an earlier time a merchant in Hull, had removed."

These are specimens enough. "Robinson Crusoe" is known in all languages worth being known in, though in Spain the Catholics only permit an abridgment.

A friend of mine was looking for traces of the Pilgrim Fathers in Leyden, where you know the Pilgrims lived near twelve years. He went to the University Library and asked if they had not the autograph of the Reverend John Robinson, who was the venerated pastor of the Pilgrims. The librarian did not remember, and my friend explained that Robinson was an Englishman and that his people removed to America and settled in the wilderness. Oh yes! Then the librarian remembered all about it. They had all his works, though not the autograph. He rushed to the alcove and produced with pride, the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe!" "A very great traveller this Mr. Robinson, indeed," said he.

So he was. He came near coming to Boston once, in 1694-95, when Stoughton (of Stoughton Hall, Mr. Freshman) was acting governor. But he came no nearer than the Banks of Newfoundland, where he put his French people on board a bark, "which they hired at sea there." He was afterward, ready "to have gone away to Virginia, or any part of the coast of America, — but there was no necessity." And so it happened that "Robinson Crusoe" was never shown by the Selectmen of Boston into the old Latin school, — by where Franklin's statue now stands, — and never had a chance to hear old Master Ezekiel Cheever put young Master William Allen through his accidence, or his Corderius, or his "*mas in presenti*." And, which was much worse, young Master William Allen never had a chance to read "Robinson Crusoe" behind the seats, when old Master Cheever was drowsy, far less to translate it, in open light, from the Latin, as I have told you I did. Robinson Crusoe did not have to put in to Boston, but bore on to the West Indies. Perhaps if he had come here he would have settled with Friday on Moon Island in the harbor, and it would be known to this day as Crusoe's Island.

Instead of which he kept on to his second visit to his own island, which was, as I hope you all know, at "the mouth of the great river Oronoque," — known to you boys as Orinoco.

Don't talk about the Amazon to me! I shall read Mrs. Agassiz's book, but I shall get up no such enthusiasm for that river, as I always had, as I still have, and as I always shall have for the "great river Oronoque." For in the mouth of the great river Oronoque, as it seems, "is a ridge of islands reaching

from one to the other side," and one of the south-easternmost of these islands, is that island of Joy Ineffable to all boys through all the world, on which Robinson Crusoe was wrecked on the 30th of September, 1659, and to which therefore he gave the name of the Island of Despair. We should not call it so, should we, if we had the good luck to be shipwrecked there? I suppose from the map, on which you had better look, that it is now quite near the territory of British Guiana. But I am afraid that when the English government obtained this whole region from the Dutch, they did not know that their best claim to it was that Governor Crusoe took possession near there, just as the English Commonwealth was gasping its last breath at home. What the geography says about it, is much like what Robinson Crusoe himself said about it: "Trees in cultivated grounds bear fruit in all seasons of the year; but those in a wild state bear but once in a year, and most of them in the season corresponding with our spring. The country produces the sugar-cane, the coffee-tree, the orange, lime, guava, the cocoa-tree, indigo, barilla, cassada, and various kinds of pepper."

I am thus particular in describing the geography of Robinson Crusoe's island, because I was taught, and most of you have been taught, to believe that Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez, quite on the other side of South America. Alexander Selkirk was left there, not shipwrecked, four years. So my geography said that on his adventures were founded "the popular romance of 'Robinson Crusoe.'" These six words stood out like an oasis of green joy, from the dry desert of the "climates," "soils," and "map questions" of the rest of the book: — just as the dialogue of the "boy without a genius" did in the preface of Colburn, and just as we were all roused to new life in church one day when the minister, a young man with curling brown hair, told about a "girl playing with her doll." He has become very famous since. I wonder if he remembers that doll as well as I do? Well, this was the sunny spot in the geography; and I see that to this day in Mitchell's Geography, you learn that "the residence and adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailor, on Juan Fernandez, gave rise to the popular tale of 'Robinson Crusoe.'" All this is about as true as most such general statements are. We boys should not think much of a Robinson Crusoe who was not shipwrecked, had no raft, never saw any savages, never built a canoe, never made a pippin, never lived in a cave, had no man Friday, quelled no mutiny, raised no corn, and came home at the end of four years instead of living on his island eight and twenty. Alexander Selkirk and Juan Fernandez are really Robinson Crusoe's island with Robinson Crusoe omitted.

If any boy cares to compare Selkirk's life with Robinson Crusoe's, he will find both of them in the Philadelphia edition of 1850, and in the Oxford edition of 1841.

In the days of Daniel Defoe the geography of America was new, and adventure to distant parts of the world was difficult. There was, perhaps, more interest, comparatively, in such stories as travellers brought home than there is now. But then, so much depends on who the traveller is. Alexander Selkirk was brought home by Woodes Rogers, the same who discovered gold in California, only they lost the ore, in the year 1709, and his story was published in 1712. Selkirk himself had no pen, ink, nor paper, and had lost his language. The story as published was Rogers's account of his experience. Other publications of the story, all very brief, were made the same year. But, as I have said, the details are wholly different from those of Robinson Crusoe, — and though it seems that Defoe may have known Alexander Selkirk, this seems to have been only one of a thousand sources from which he got the materials for his narrative.

Its geography, climate, and neighborhood are not those of Juan Fernandez. The man-eating savages of "Robinson Crusoe" are Caribbean Indians of the Caribbean Sea, from whose name comes Shakespeare's word Caliban, and our word Cannibal. And the title-page of the original book makes all this clear even to people who are too dull to read the rest: —

"The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, mariner, who lived eight and twenty years all alone in an uninhabited Island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the great River of Orinocoque; having been cast on shore by shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last as strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by himself. London: printed for W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCLXIX."

It is often said that "Robinson Crusoe" was published in parts, — and so it was, in one hundred and sixty-four successive newspapers; — just as Mr. Dickens's Mr. Thackeray's, and Mr. Trollope's novels are published in our time. But I believe that it was first published in only three parts. The first of these was published in April, 1719, being our Robinson Crusoe, up to the point where he returns to England, with a short conclusion which is generally omitted in our editions because it is but an abridgment of the second part. At the point where, in your Robinson Crusoe, you will probably find he says, "First of all I married, and that not either to my disadvantage or dissatisfaction, and had three children, two sons and one daughter," our first part generally ends; but in the original edition there was not a full stop here. The sentence went on, "But my wife dying, and my nephew coming home with good success from a voyage to Spain, my inclination to go abroad and his importunity prevailed, and engaged me to go in his ship as a private trader to the East Indies. This was in the year 1694." And there was a page more, stating briefly his adventures there.

Every bookseller in London refused the manuscript of this book, and it was then printed for one W. Taylor, as appears from the title-page. He is

said to have made a thousand guineas by its rapid sale. Four editions were called for in four months, and in August he published what is our second part, under this title: "The further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe; being the second and last part of his Life, and the strange surprising Accounts of his Travels round three Parts of the Globe. Written by Himself. To which is added, a Map of the World, in which is delineated the Voyages of Robinson Crusoe."

I do not suppose this part is read by boys nearly so much as the first part. Indeed, the first part is very often printed for children without it. It shows all the tokens of hasty composition, written in four months, as it seems; and it has no longer the interest of the lonely life or the life with no companion but Friday. Robinson relieves the crew of a French ship that had caught fire, and the crew of a Bristol ship who were starving; revisits his island, and establishes a colony there; touches at his old home in the Brazils, doubles the Cape of Good Hope, touches at Madagascar, and lands at Bengal. There are strange experiences in almost all these voyages, in one of which poor Friday is killed. From Bengal he made a series of voyages, — got into the opium business among other things, — went to Formosa, up to Nankin, and so crossed to the city of Peking. From Peking he joined a caravan to Tobolsk; from Tobolsk went down to Archangel on the White Sea, and so home to England. Observe that the city of St. Petersburg was still so insignificant that it is not so much as alluded to.

The next year, in 1720, Defoe published "Serious Reflections during the life of Robinson Crusoe with his vision of the Angelic World." This is properly the third part. But I think it is never reprinted in our modern editions. This is not the vision which Robinson had on the 27th of June, 1660, which is recorded in its proper place in the first edition of the first volume. In the preface to this third part, the author says that the whole book is an allegory describing the real adventures of a living man.

From that time to this, "Robinson Crusoe" has been, I think, the most popular book in English literature. I mean that there is probably no other book, except the Bible, of which, in one form or another, so many copies have been sold. I am told that the demand for it at the book-stores is still so regular, that every large publisher finds it for his interest to own a set of plates of "Robinson Crusoe." It has been imitated in unnumbered forms. There is a curious French collection — which you had better look for in any good public library — of "imaginary voyages," in which there are thirty-nine large volumes, many of which are imitations of "Robinson Crusoe." Some of these you will find in English. "Philip Quarlls, the English Solitary," was one of the earliest. He had a monkey for his man Friday. "Peter Wilkins," who met with the flying islanders, was rather later. The celebrated Rousseau, in his book on education, said,

with genuine French exaggeration: "There is one book that furnishes the best treatise upon natural education that can possibly be. This book shall be the first that I will put into the hands of my Emilius; this singly shall for a long time compose his whole library, and, indeed, shall always hold a distinguished place there. . . . Well, then, what is this wonderful book? Is it Aristotle, Pliny, Buffon? No: It is 'Robinson Crusoe.'" A German gentleman of the name of Campe, who for his skill in writing for children got the name of the German Berquin, seized on this suggestion of Rousseau's, and was the first, I think, who formed the fatal idea of making "Robinson Crusoe" into a mere book of instruction. His theory was that, for this purpose, the shipwrecked Robinson ought to save nothing from his ship, but to rely, in the outset, entirely upon his own native resources and invention. With this idea he wrote "Robinson der Jüngere," which has been translated into French, English, Spanish, and Latin, and in some form makes what you may still find in old boys' libraries under the title of "The New Robinson," or "The New Crusoe." In this book Friday's father is named Thursday. The "French Cabin Boy" was a French dilution of the same plan, with the additional probable circumstance that the hero was a boy instead of being a man! When the time comes for him to have a companion, another ship is wrecked; and by a concurrence of coincidences worthy of the latest Darwin, his man Friday proves to be his own mother, who has sailed from France in search of him, and by good luck is shipwrecked on the very same island. It would be easier to throw an "Iliad" on the dice.

The "Swiss Family Robinson" was originally written in German, I think, but the French translation had a wider circulation than the original, and the English translation, perhaps, a wider circulation than either. The popularity of the first part was so great, that at least three different "conclusions" have been published, one by the author of the first, and two by other authors. Of "Masterman Ready," of the "Aretic Crusoe," the "Dog Crusoe," the "Female Robinson," and all the Mayne Reid tribe, you boys know a great deal more than I do.

Saintine (whose real name is Boniface, I believe), wrote a curious little book a few years ago in which he pretended to write the real life of Alexander Selkirk, and to show, what is probably true, that because man is a social being and one man only a part of the great individual which we call mankind, the shipwrecked islander, instead of improving in purity, in piety, and all other manliness, would grow more and more like a brute. You will find this in the libraries under the translator's name of "The Real Robinson Crusoe." The French title is "Le Solitaire de Juan Fernandez."

Much above any of the mock Crusoes I have described, is Mrs. Farrar's "Child's Robinson Crusoe," a book admirably wrought, very ingenious, and very entertaining.

It is worth your notice, that Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked just as the English Commonwealth founded by Cromwell made shipwreck. His stay on his island lasts just about as long as the Stuarts' stay in England after their restoration, — for he returns to London just in time to see James the Second driven away. I do not believe this is an accident. Defoe hated the Stuarts and all their system, and I have no doubt that he meant to hint that, for those twenty-eight years, a "true-born Englishman" was better off on any other island than England. He was very fond of such conceits.

The moral tone of "Robinson Crusoe" has always been praised, and with great justice. It is a noble, religious book, and in all sketches of little libraries for the freedmen that I have seen, it has always stood at the top of the catalogue. It is curious to observe, therefore, that it is the life of a slave-trader, who was on a slaving voyage when he was wrecked, trying to bring slaves from Guinea to Brazil, — the very enterprise which the whole Christian world has now united to make impossible. Neither Defoe nor Robinson Crusoe ever saw the wickedness of this enterprise. Robinson Crusoe did see that he was making haste to be rich, and that so he was lost. It is because he did not see the wickedness of the trade that we pardon him so readily for his share in it. He was lost in the darkness of his time.

And so I must stop this gossip about "Poor Old Robinson Crusoe." I wonder if you know that ballad. If you do not, stop at the first lame ballad seller's and you will find it. It affects to have been written by a grandson of the hero. The first verse is, —

"When I was a lad,
I had cause to be sad,
For my grandfather I did lose, oh!
I'll bet you a can
You have heard of the man,
For his name it was Robinson Crusoe."

And in this style it carries through the story, with a refrain, —

"Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Friday is thus introduced, and his duties defined, —

"And then his man Friday
He kept the house tidy, —
To be sure 't was his duty to do so;
And they loved one another
Like brother and brother, —
Man-Friday and Robinson Crusoe."

I have used up all your patience, or I should like to tell you of the artists who have illustrated "Robinson Crusoe," — and of some of the best editions. But this will be good entertainment for any of you to work out for yourselves in your first leisure morning in a great library.

PATCHWORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

ONLY a page this month in which to put together our various scraps, and many first-rate rags must stay in the bag. Here comes a star-shaped patch which "Fern Lodge" has snipped from the sky:—

THE PLANETS IN APRIL.

VENUS and Saturn are now evening stars. The former appears in the S. W. at sunset, and about 40° above the horizon. The latter rises in the E. S. E. an hour or two before midnight.

Venus has been approaching the Earth all this year, and increasing in brilliancy. Owing to its nearness to the Sun,—it never recedes more than about 46° from it,—the light of Venus is dazzling, rendering a colored glass necessary in looking at it with a telescope.

When an evening star, it first appears round, then gibbous, then semicircular, and lastly, crescent-shaped, thus exhibiting phases like the Moon. The order of these phases is reversed when Venus is a morning star. It will be a thin crescent next July, when it is nearest to us, and passes between us and the Sun.

Saturn will rise precisely in the E. S. E. on the 10th instant, at about 10 P. M., and earlier than this from day to day throughout the month. We have lost sight of this planet since last fall, but it will now be visible all summer.

By consulting the star-map given in the August number of last year, you may see how far Saturn has travelled since that time. Imaginary lines from Antares in the Scorpion to ϵ in the Serpent,—just above the letter P of that word,—and from ϕ in Ophiuchus to δ in the Scorpion, cross each other at the point Saturn now occupies. This is considerably east of its position last summer.

Mercury, Mars, and Jupiter are morning stars this month. On the 7th, at five in the morning, they will rise about a half an hour before the sun, and occupy the positions represented in the map below.



Mercury will first appear at a point on the horizon just south of east. Mars will rise more nearly east, and be less than 6° north of Mercury. Jupiter will be the northernmost of all, and less than the breadth of the Moon from Mars. You should commence watching for them at about a quarter before five o'clock. It will require close attention to discover Mars and Mercury. The great Copernicus is said never to have been able to get a glimpse of the latter. You may know it by its position,—being almost in a line with Mars and Jupiter,—and also by the whiteness of its light, occasioned by its nearness to the Sun.

With a large telescope you might enjoy the interesting sight of Mars and Jupiter within twice the breadth of the latter's disk of each other, at about ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th

instant. In the summer of 1859, Venus and Jupiter appeared so near together, that they were, to the unaided eye, one star! This was, of course, an effect of perspective, for Venus never approaches as near to Jupiter as we did last summer when Jupiter was in its opposition.

Double Acrostics will carry us back to the earth. Here are some compact ones:—

1. Earth's perfection:
Her defection.

- (1.) Darkest one that e'er befell,
(2.) Was this act of envious hell
(3.) To me. Alas! to you as well.

SHENANDOAH.

2. My first is gentle as a dove, —
Emblem of purity and love;
My second sings "just like a bird,"—
His airs I'm sure you've often heard.

My first will fall some summer night;
My second's not a steam propeller;
My third's in view, though out of sight;
My fourth is e'en — yours,

SAMMY WELLER.

3. Spirit that dwells in fleshly bonds,
Until the end of time.
Emblem of love and innocence,
And mystery sublime.

- (1.) Sometimes with jewels bright I gleam,
In gold and silver bound.
Sometimes I'm harnessed in a team,
And roam the country round.

- (2.) Hotch.
Potch.

- (3.) If Worcester's list you closely scan,
You'll find me a distinguished man.

- (4.) Were I to die, a desert waste the earth
Would be. No birth
Of joy take place, or bounteous yield
Of grain in field.
War's hurried voice in harshest accents loud,
Vaunting his proud
And cruel will, would take the place of song.
Carols of birds would cease,
And all the charms of peace,
Which to my gentle, happy reign belong.

CHARADE.

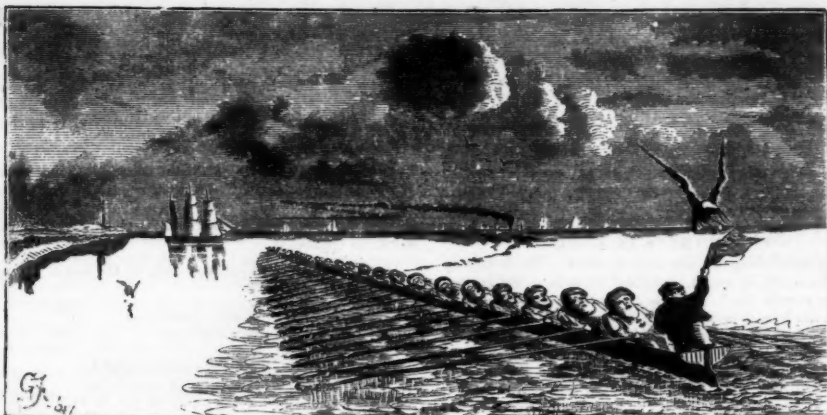
My First embodies all despair;
My Second fain my first would flee,
But, flying to my Whole, full oft
Flies to a deeper misery.
Yet Holy Writ will clearly show
My Whole, though causing, cureth woe.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN THE LAST NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Pencilope
Europea
Nebuchadnezza R

Anagrammatic Enigma. — Little minds are caught with trifles. Charades. — 1. Wall-flower. 2. Carnation. 3. Check-mate.



Mother Goose Melodies.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

Allegretto.

Bob-by Shaf-toe's gone to sea, Sil-ver buck-les on his knee; He'll come back and

mar-ry me,—Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-toe. Bob-by Shaf-toe's fat and fair, Comb-ing down his

yel-low hair; He's my love for ev-er-more,—Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-toe.

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